THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

SEPTEMBER, 1808.

ANECDOTES OF LORD NELSON.

A VENERABLE clergyman, apparently between seventy and eighty years of age, was perceived one morning by his lordship, with a large book under his arm, anxiously looking towards the door of his apartment, with the most expressive solicitude depicted in his countenance. His lordship, immediately, with his ever prompt kindness and humanity, desired Mr. Oliver to enquire what was the object of his wish. Having learned, that he was the pastor of a place forty miles distant, who had travelled thus far with his parochial bible, in the first leaf of which he wanted the immortal hero to inscribe his name, his lordship instantly admitted him into his presence, readily complied with his request, and then, taking him kindly by the hand, heartily wished the patriarchal and spiritual shepherd a safe return to his rural flock. The aged and pious minister suddenly dropped on his knee: fervently imploring Heaven to bless his lordship, for so generously condescending to indulge his wish; and solemnly declaring that he should now be happy till it pleased God to call him, when he would die contented, having thus done homage to, and obtained favour from, "*the Saviour of the Christian World.*"

Another circumstance, of still greater singularity occurred at Hamburgh, relative to a wine-merchant. This gentleman, who was likewise more than seventy years of

age, and of a very respectable appearance, had requested to speak with Lady Hamilton, her ladyship, accordingly, condescendingly admitted him to a private audience; when he informed her, through the medium of Mr. Oliver, who interpreted for both parties, that he had some excellent old Rhenish wine, of the vintage of 1625, and which had been in his own possession more than fifty years. This, he said had been ever preserved for some very extraordinary occasion; and one had now arrived, far beyond any he could have expected. In short, he flattered himself that, by the kind recommendation of her ladyship, the great and glorious Lord Nelson might be prevailed on to accept six dozen bottles of this incomparable wine: part of which, he observed, would then have the honour to flow with the heart's blood of that immortal hero; a reflection which could not fail to render himself the most fortunate man in existence, during the remainder of his days. His lordship, being informed of these curious particulars, immediately came into the apartment, and took the old gentleman kindly by the hand, but politely declined his present. He was, however, finally persuaded to accept of six bottles, on condition that the worthy wine-merchant should dine with him next day. This being readily agreed, a dozen bottles were sent; and his lordship, jocosely remarking that he yet hoped to have half a dozen more great victories, protested he would keep six bottles of his Hamburgh friend's wine, purposely to drink a bottle after each. This his lordship did not fail to remember, on coming home, after the battle of Copenhagen; when he "devoutly drank the donor." It is said, that this wine-merchant, soon after Lord Nelson had first taken him by the hand, happening to meet with an old friend, who was about to salute him in a similar way, immediately declined the intended kindness, and said he could not suffer any person to touch the hand which had been so highly honoured by receiving that of Lord Nelson. Certain it is, that this man felt so overcome by his excessive sensibility, that he literally shed tears of joy during the whole time he was in our hero's presence.

At a grand public breakfast, given to Lord Nelson and his friends, by Baron Breteuil, formerly the French ambassador at the court of Naples, the celebrated General Dumourier was introduced to his lordship. Lord Nelson, notwithstanding his general aversion to Frenchmen, had a favourable opinion of this able and inteligent officer;

and said to him, that he hoped they should both, in future, fight hand in hand for the good cause : adding, as there was then some prospect of General Dumourier's being employed in the British service, that there was no person, if we were to have joint operations by sea and land, with whom he would sooner act. The General was so overpowered by this generosity and grandeur of soul in our hero, that he could only articulate—" Great Nelson ! brave Nelson ! I am unable to speak. I cannot make any reply to your goodness !" His lordship, finding the circumstances of General Dumourier very humble, for a man of his merits, kindly sent him a weighty purse next day, by Mr. Oliver, to whom the General feelingly expressed the utmost thankfulness.

While Lord Nelson remained at Hamburgh, he received, one morning, a very extraordinary visit. An Englishman, of gentlemanly address, called on his lordship, and requested to speak with him in private. Sir William Hamilton, conceiving the stranger's appearance to be suspicious, particularly as he held one hand under his coat, advised his lordship not to withdraw. Our hero replied that, though he had never before differed with Sir William in opinion, he must decidedly do so now. He felt conscious, he said, that he had done no ill ; and, therefore, dreaded none. He then, with firmness, bade the stranger follow him into another apartment ; who soon gave his lordship to understand, that he was no less a personage, than the famous Major Semple, of swindling notoriety. With a considerable degree of feeling, he detailed his miserable situation : an outcast from society ; in the deepest distress ; avoided, and despised, by every body. Lord Nelson protested, that he had not expected the honour of such a visit ; but, nevertheless, returning to Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and mentioning who it was, kindly asked—" What shall we do for the poor devil ?" They accordingly gave him, between them, a purse of twenty guineas : his lordship tenderly remarking, that he seemed a man of talents ; who had, probably, from some first error of early life, unchecked by friendly advice or assistance, finally sunk into a state of, perhaps, irrecoverable ignominy.

Lord Nelson had, in August 1805, no intention of again going speedily to sea. All his stores had been brought up from the Victory ; and he was, he said, resolved to enjoy a little leisure, with his family and friends,

in the delightful shades of Merton. The Honourable Captain Blackwood, a few days afterward, brought intelligence that the combined fleets, reinforced by two more Spanish squadrons, and now amounting to thirty-four sail of the line, had left Ferrol, and got safely into Cadiz. All this, however, was nothing to him; "Let the man trudge it, who has lost his budget!" gaily repeated his lordship. But, amid all his allegro of the tongue, to his friends at Merton Place, Lady Hamilton observed that his countenance, from that moment, wore occasional marks of the penseroso in his bosom. In this state of mind, he was pacing one of the walks of Merton garden, which he always called the quarter-deck, when Lady Hamilton told him, that she perceived he was low and uneasy. He smiled, and said—"No! I am as happy as possible." Adding, that he saw himself surrounded by his family; that he found his health better since he had been at Merton; and, that he would not give a sixpence to call the king his uncle. Her Ladyship replied, that she did not believe what he said; and, that she would tell him what was the matter with him. That he was longing to get at these French and Spanish fleets; that he considered them as his own property, and would be miserable if any other man but himself did the business; that he must have them, as the price and reward of his long watching, and two years uncomfortable situation in the Mediterranean: and finished, by saying—"Nelson, however we may lament your absence, and your so speedily leaving us, offer your services, immediately to go off Cadiz; they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it. You will have a glorious victory; and then, you may come here, have your *otium cum dignitate*, and be happy." He looked at her ladyship, for some moments; and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed—"Brave Emma! good Emma! if there were more Emmas, there would be no more Nelsons. You penetrated my thoughts. I wish all you say, but was afraid to trust even myself with reflecting on the subject. However, I will go to town." He went, accordingly, next morning, accompanied by her ladyship and his sisters. They left him at the Admiralty, on the way to Lady Hamilton's house in Clarges Street; and, soon after, received a note, informing them that the Victory was telegraphed not to go into port, and begging they would prepare every thing for his departure. This is the

true history of that affecting affair. Her ladyship feels, most severely, that she was the cause of his going; but, as she loved his glory, she could not resist giving him such advice. It is, however, the general opinion of those who best knew his lordship, that he would, in all probability, have fretted himself to death had he not undertaken this expedition.

THE ARTS.

No. XVIII.

ANECDOTES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF PAINTERS.

Marco Antonio Franciabigio. This master painted a grand picture for the cloister of the nunziata at Florence. On its being uncovered by the monks, before it had received the ultimate finish, the painter, in a fit of shame or rage, gave it some blows with a hammer, nor ever after could be induced to terminate it.

William Kay. Kay's reputation was so well established at Antwerp, that the Duke of Alva sat to him for his portrait; but whilst he worked on the picture, the judge-criminal and other officers waited on the Duke to receive his determinate orders, in regard to the Counts Egmont and Hoorn. The Duke, with a terrible austerity of countenance, ordered their immediate execution, and Kay, who understood the language in which they conversed, and also loved the nobility of his country, was so violently affected by the piercing look and peremptory command of Alva, that he went home, fell sick, and died, through the terror impressed upon his mind by the transaction. Some authors (and Sandrart in particular), to render that incident more surprising, or perhaps with strict adherence to truth, assert, that he died on the same day those noblemen were executed; others affirm that he was struck with such terror only by looking at the enraged and fiery visage of the Duke, that he died immediately.

John Van Kuick. This artist having indiscreetly given some slight offence to the Jesuits at Dort, they persecuted him with a most unremitting severity, accusing him of heresy, and prevailed so far as to have him imprisoned. He was kept in irons for a long time, although John Van Bondewinze, the chief justice, took all

possible pains to procure his enlargement; and Kuick, out of gratitude, painted a picture for that magistrate, representing the Judgment of Solomon, in which he designed the portrait of his benefactor, for the head of the principal figure, as a particular compliment.

That picture having been finished during the confinement of the painter, it gave new offence to that unforgiving tribe, the Jesuits, who daily contrived means to increase the miseries of his imprisonment, and never ceased their persecution of him till they extorted a final sentence from the judge, condemning him to death. That sentence the Jesuits and Monks took care to have immediately executed; and they caused him to be burned alive, to the inexpressible concern of all protestants, who dreaded the tyranny and persecuting spirit of the church of Rome, and to the universal regret of all the lovers of the art of painting.

John De Mabuse. This painter is censured by all writers for his immoderate love of drinking; and it is confidently said, that having received, by order of the Marquis of Veren, a piece of brocade for a dress to appear in before the Emperor Charles V. he sold it at a tavern, and painted a paper suit so exceedingly like it, that the Emperor could not be convinced of the deception, till he felt the paper, and examined every part with his own hands.

THE MODERN ATHENIANS.

The Athenians have perhaps to this day more vivacity, more genius, and a politer address, than any other people in the Turkish dominions. Oppressed as they are at present, they all oppose with great courage and wonderful sagacity, every addition to their burden, which an avaricious or cruel governor may attempt to lay upon them. During our stay, they by their intrigues, drove away three of their governors, for extortion and mal-administration; two of whom were imprisoned, and reduced to the greatest distress. They want not for artful speakers and busy politicians, so far as relates to the affairs of their own city; and it is remarkable enough, that the coffee-house, which this species of men frequent, stands within the precincts of the ancient Poikil. Some of their priests have the reputation of being learned men, and excellent preachers; and the most admired of them in our time, was

the abbot of *St. Cyriaṅce*, a convent on Mount Hymettus; he is a man of great reading, and delivers himself with becoming gesture, and a pleasing fluency of elocution. Here are two or three persons who practise painting; but whatever genius we may be tempted to allow them, they have indeed very little science; they seem never to have heard of anatomy, or of the effect of light and shade; though they still retain some imperfect notions of perspective and of proportion. The Athenians are great lovers of music, and generally play on an instrument, which they call a *lyra*, though it is not made like an ancient lyre, but rather like a guitar, or mandola. This they accompany with the voice, and very frequently with extempore verses, which they have a ready faculty at composing.

There is great sprightliness and expression in the countenance of both sexes, and their persons are well proportioned. The men have a due mixture of strength and agility, without the least appearance of heaviness. The women have a peculiar elegance of form and of manner; they excel in embroidery and all kind of needle-work.

The air of Attica is extremely healthy.

The articles of commerce which this country produces are chiefly corn, oil, honey, wax, rosin, some silk, cheese, and a sort of acorns, called *velaṅede* by the Italians and the French, but written Βαλανίτης by the Greeks: these acorns are used by the dyers and leather-dressers. The principal manufactures are soap and leather. Of these commodities, the honey, soap, cheese and leather, and part of the oil, are sent to Constantinople; the others are chiefly bought by the French, of which nation they reckon that seven or eight ships are freighted here every year.

The Turkish governor of Athens is called *Vaiwode*. He is either changed or renewed in his office every year the beginning of March. The Athenians say, he brings the cranes with him, for these birds likewise make their first appearance here about that time; they breed, and when the young ones receive sufficient strength, which is some time in August, they all fly away together, and are seen no more till the March following.

Besides the *Vaiwode*, there is a *Cadie*, or chief man of the law. His business is to administer justice, terminate the disputes which arise between man and man, and to punish offenders. There is also a *Mudeeriese Effendi*, who presides over the religious affairs of the Mohammedans here; and those who are designed to officiate in the

moschèas, are by him instructed in the Mohammedan ritual. The *Disdár Agá* is the governor of the fortress of Athens, which was anciently called the *Acropolis*; and the *Azáp Agá* is an officer who commands a few soldiers in that fortress.

DUKE OF MEDINA CELI.

In consequence of the defeat at Saragossa, and the very low state to which France was reduced, Philip * apprehended he should be obliged to relinquish his pretensions to the throne of Spain. Amongst others, it was suspected, that the Duke of Medina Celi was in the interest of his competitor, Charles. To render so powerful a prince inactive, would be almost equal to a victory; but the method to effect it seemed difficult, especially in the exhausted state to which Philip was reduced. Sir Patrick Lawless, an Irish gentleman, then a colonel in the French service, charged himself singly to secure the person of the Duke. Having previously concerted all his measures, he repaired to the ducal palace, as charged with a special commission from Philip. He invited the Duke to take a walk on a fine terrace, in order to converse the more freely. As the conversation was interesting, they insensibly rambled to a considerable distance from the suite of the Duke, until they came to a passage which led to the high road, where the Colonel had a carriage in waiting. Lawless in a few words told his Highness, that he must directly, and without the least appearance of constraint, take a seat in the coach; as he had engaged, at the hazard of his head, to bring him to Madrid, where he would find Philip ready to receive him with open arms. The determined tone with which these words were uttered, the appearance of the man, and above all, his character for resolution and bravery, induced the Duke to resort to the only alternative. They soon arrived at Madrid, where he met with a most gracious reception. The battle of Almanza, which happened some time after, made the Duke deem his visitor, his preserver, as well as that of his immense estate. Lawless was raised in a short time to the rank of Lieutenant-general, and governor of Majorca, and in the course of a few years, Philip appointed him his ambassador to the court of Versailles.

* Philip V.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A PROFESSION.

Mr. Williams was the school-fellow, the confidential friend, and afterwards, the private secretary, of Richard West, Esq. Keeper of the seals in Ireland, in the reign of George the first.

This gentleman is mentioned for the sake of introducing part of a letter well worth recording, which, in the anxiety of real friendship, he wrote to the widow of his patron, on the subject of her son, Mr. Richard West, a young man of lively imagination and elegant manners; who, vibrating between a love of literary leisure, and the severity of professional study, incurred the risk of sinking into sordid supineness.

A tendency to this inglorious ease is the misfortune of the age, the natural effect of morbid refinement on an immense population, from which, and from the circumstance of *genteel employments*, sufficiently numerous, not offering, our coffee-houses are filled with listless loungers, and our jails with wretched prisoners, the unhappy victims of pride and vanity.

The lady to whom the letter is addressed, was a daughter of Bishop Burnet; and the young man, who is the subject of it, was in the habits of the closest intimacy with Mr. Gray, a man scrupulously nice in the choice of his associates. Several of his letters are preserved by Mr. Mason, and his Ode to May, deserved and obtained the praise of Dr. Johnson.

Lyons, Jan. 12, 1739.

—— "I often think of my friend Dick, and write on purpose that you may communicate what I say to him. You have not spoke of him a great while; from whence I conclude two things, that he is pretty well, but does not study the law; if he did, your satisfaction and his, would soon make me hear of it.

"Young people do not see far, and, what is worse, do not care to be advised by those who can. They will not be the better for *our* experience. What would I not undertake, were I twenty years of age, and with my present knowledge of the world! It is at his service.

"I have often considered his aversion to the law, and lament it, because it is a natural, and almost a sure method of advancing himself. His father's name so much esteemed, his friends and mine, with his own parts,

could scarcely have failed. He has no fortune, at least, none sufficient to keep him clean, unless in retirement, which I know (though perhaps he does not) he never will chuse.

" My case and his were much the same. With small expectations of fortune, and lively parts, I was soon introduced into good company; they were pleased, and I was flattered. ' My boy,' said my father, who was an excellent mathematician, but knew very little of the world; ' My boy shall qualify himself for polite circles, and some one or other of these great men will provide for him.'

" I directly studied French, Italian, dancing, fencing, riding, drawing, heraldry and music. In short, I was made a fine gentleman, instead of being educated to a profession; instead of acquiring knowledge, that was useful and necessary to mankind, I was furnished only with the superfluities of life. Without a fortune, I was taught to live as if I had one. Habits were formed, which if I did not succeed, would make me miserable for the rest of my days.

" Something more than Greek, Latin, French, Italian, &c. was necessary; and I was shut up for two years, in order to study the History of Europe, Domat on the Civil Law, Grotius, Puffendorff, and lastly, four folio volumes of Treaties. This labour gone through with tolerable success, I was next to find a patron. My great friends had not been used to hear me speak of wanting employment; they relished my conversation, and praised my Odes; however, they smiled on, till my father's pockets grew low, and dress and chair hire became too expensive.

" Luckily a patron was at last found, who understood what wit and parts were, as he excelled in them himself; but he knew, that these alone, were not enough; I endeavoured to convince him, I had more material furniture in my head, and succeeded. We went abroad together; the weight of his character, which was excellent, and his being a near relation of the minister, gave me reason to expect the most flattering consequences.— What hindered? Why, the commonest thing upon earth, my patron turned out, and Mr. Secretary had to seek for another.

" With better luck than ordinary, and two or three great men's recommendation, another was found, and my little boat was again afloat; the gale was prosperous and

the weather fine; but in a twelvemonth, the envoy died. These changes astonished me; I was a young man, and did not recollect that people were to die, or ministers to be turned out.

" What was to be done now? No money, and my former patron in disgrace. Friends timid and cold, unable or unwilling to serve me. In this condition, in want of every thing but a fine coat and a laced shirt, I languished on for three long melancholy years; sometimes elevated for a moment, by a smile or a nod, but for the most part solitary, dejected, and reduced to the agony of talking of my misfortunes and wants, and that basest of all conditions, the intolerable slavery of borrowing to support an idle, useless being. What would I *then* have given for a profession. My Greek, my wit, my Italian, my dancing, and my treaties, were entirely useless to me.

" In this wretched situation, retired eighteen miles from London to an obscure village, in debt to tailors, drapers, butchers, and chandlers shops, I received a letter from an intimate friend, acquainting me, that he was just appointed to a considerable employment; and desiring me to come directly to town, and determine which of the considerable places, he had to bestow, would be most agreeable to me.

" Guess at my joy and gratitude, I can express neither, any more than my grief, but by those tears which now flow from my eyes, because that my friend is no more.

" He overlooked my unfitness for any place under him, from the ignorance of the law; and obliged me to take the best he had to give, which was full a thousand pounds a year. His age and my own, promised riches for many years to come; but it was permitted that *he* should die too, with which I end the history of myself.

" My reason for reciting it, you and Dick know too well, is to make him sensible, that WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOMETHING, WHICH MANKIND CANNOT DO WITHOUT, NEITHER WIT, PARTS, FRIENDS, NOR PATRONS, CAN SECURE A MAN FROM WANT.

" Let us suppose for a moment as law is not his favourite study, that he *should* succeed in the diplomatic path, and be appointed Secretary to a Minister at a Foreign Court: let it be remembered, that he cannot obtain *that* without a kind of knowledge to the full as difficult and disagreeable in acquiring as the law of England: as re-

mote from wit and poetry, and those pursuits with which he has too long amused himself. But, supposing him to have so far succeeded, as to be King's Secretary to the first embassy in Europe, he will not be in half so comfortable a condition to a man of sense, as if he was in a three pair of strairs chamber at the Temple, in the way of getting only 200l. a year.

"In short, places are so precarious, the attendance in search of them, so mean and unmanly, refusals and delays so insupportable, and the loss of them, when obtained, so dreadful to one who has not a good private fortune, that it is a line no reasonable man would ever adopt by choice; A USEFUL PROFESSION IS BETTER THAN A THOUSAND PATRONS.

"I grieve when I recollect, that my friend Dick is now twenty-two, and has not yet read one book since he left Eton, for which he or his family, will be at all the better as long as he lives."

We are not able to say what effect so much good advice produced; but fear the result was not that which the giver of it wished, as Mr. West, with a good heart, and many companionable qualities, *was infected with the cacöethes scribendi*, which, generally speaking, disqualifies those who labor under that incurable disease, for performing either the common business, or the more important duties of life, with efficacy and spirit.

MILITARY HINTS.

THE army is perpetually changing its fashions, and not always for the better. Formerly the officers in the ranks were continually dressing their divisions with their espontons, and were much distinguished by their clothes from the soldiers. Now they are expected to be as steady under arms as their men; and their dress is nearly the same. This may have a better effect at a review, and in real service contribute something perhaps to the officer's safety, though not so much as has been imagined*. Yet

---

* Much was said of the American riflemen picking out our officers, especially at the battle of Bunker's Hill. The writer of this compared the list of the killed and wounded there, with those of the first unsuccessful attack on Quebec and the subsequent victory, too dearly bought by the fall of Wolfe, in the seven years war. In both these last, the proportion of officers killed and wounded to that

it cannot be the duty of an officer in battle merely to fill up an interval in a battallion, as he has no personal means of annoying the enemy, but to attend to his men, and see that they do their duty; and to perform this effectually, he must be frequently pointing and speaking to different parts of his division, and should also be easily distinguished by his dress.

The scantiness of a subaltern's pay, in proportion to his necessary expences, has been much complained of. But besides the consideration, that while every vacant ensigncy is as much solicited for as a lucrative employment, government has no right to draw an additional expence on the public, another real advantage is derived from it. If the property of the officers is so essential to a constitutional militia, any circumstance that compels the adoption of the same qualification in the army, has a direct tendency to render that establishment more safe and constitutional. One alteration however is absolutely necessary. Every officer who has served a given number of years, should have such a competence secured to him, as should enable him to enjoy the remainder of his life in credit and comfort; and such of his sons as choose to go into the army should, while subalterns, be enabled by the assistance of government to meet the increased expences of the times.

It seems a great absurdity in the naval service, that the admiral should always engage in the largest ship, and take personally the greatest share in the action. How is it possible that, so situated, he can observe and direct the rest of the fleet? And surely the manœuvres of a sea fight require some directions from the commanding officer, though not so much as those of a land battle. What would be said of a general, if, instead of giving his orders, he were to put himself at the head of the strongest regiment, and charge the enemy in person?

The disposition is something like that of the heroes of Homer. They were personally the strongest men in the army, and acted as commanders only in arranging their troops for the attack. After that commenced, they min-

---

of the men was greater than at Bunker's Hill, though the comparative disproportion of their numbers was also greater; as at Quebec the army was on the war establishment, four officers to a company of an hundred men; and at Bunker's Hill on the peace establishment, three officers to a company of forty-five.

gled with the combatants, and by their own individual exertions chiefly decided the fortune of the day. The knights of the times of chivalry acted in the same manner. In land battles at present this is exactly reversed. The officers in general are the least robust men of the army, and, by laying aside the esponton and the fusil, may be said to be entirely unarmed, as the sword in the charge of a battallion of foot must be totally useless. I have heard some WISE gentlemen talk of a pistol in the belt; a weapon only formidable in the hand of a footpad (or a duellist who uses it for less * justifiable purposes,) when placed close to the head. The only officer of the third regiment of guards who was wounded at St. Amand, received a hurt from a pistol that went off in his own pocket.

There is a passage something to this purpose in Dr. Gillies's History of Greece. 'Alexander' (at the passage of the Granicus), 'after performing the duties of a great general, displayed such acts of personal prowess, as will be more easily admired than believed by the modern reader. But in the close combats of antiquity, the forces when once thoroughly engaged might safely be abandoned to their resentment and courage, while the commanders displayed the peculiar accomplishments to which they had been trained from their youth, in the most conspicuous parts of the field.' But this observation, though very applicable to the age of Homer, is by no means so to that of Alexander, when the military art had been carried to its highest pitch. As the armies of antiquity, from the depth of their files, did not extend to the distance of those of the moderns, and were not enveloped in clouds of smoke, the skill of the commander was of greater use throughout the whole action than it can be at present. Indeed the only use of a general now, after the first fire, arises from the whole army never being engaged together. There are circumstances when it is necessary for a general to expose his own person to reanimate his troops: but in our battles this can only have a very partial effect; while the personal exertions of an ancient general might be conspicuous to his

---

* I do not mean to say that every man who fights a duel is in the wrong. Perhaps in the present state of things duelling is a necessary evil; but the second who suffers such a mode of fighting to take place, as makes the pistol almost certainly a fatal weapon, deserves to suffer the punishment of a cowardly assassin.

whole army. Yet that it was not customary for the commanders of antiquity to expose their persons needlessly, appears from this anecdote preserved by Plutarch. ' A rash officer shewing his wounds with exultation to Timotheus, he said to him " When I was your general against the Samians, I should have been ashamed if an arrow from a catapulta * had fallen near me†."

I have always thought it to be regretted, that, when the new militia was established, the prejudice of the times obliged the legislature to adopt that name instead of some other, as provincial or county regiments. For though *militia* really means the military establishment of a country, yet so deservedly was the old institution that bore that name become disgraceful, that it was held in universal ridicule. Instances of this occur frequently in our old comedies, and, when they do occur, are always applied to the present institution that goes under the same name, though so widely different in fact. It must be from this cause only, that so many militia officers were induced to take commissions in those heterogeneous corps called fencibles‡, to which every ridicule that can attach on the militia must attach, without the honourable motive that induces a country gentleman to enter into the established constitutional forces of his county. If it should be thought I have gone too far in saying the ridicule incurred by the old militia affects the new, only let

---

* The catapulta was one of the military engines, which threw very large arrows to a great distance.

† There was a part of the Grecian army called the peltastæ, from pelta, a small shield. This is usually translated targeteers; but though target is properly the diminutive of targe, as that word is obsolete, and target is in common use for a butt to shoot at, it gives us the idea of a shield in general, without any notion of dimunition, like the word PISTOLET in French. If a Greek army were drawn up in Hyde-Park, and an aid-du-camp ordered to ride up to the targeteers, he would go without hesitation to the heavy armed foot, from their shields being most conspicuous.

‡ Those corps only are alluded to, which unite every evil both of regulars and militia, without having the advantage of either, and whose only end is to injure the recruiting service. The military associations, both in the metropolis and the country, are truly respectable, and indeed have arisen out of the militia, which is by no means numerous enough to be the sole defence of the country in the hour of danger, but is a barrier immediately ready for the whole country to rally behind. The regular forces are not mentioned, as one of the principal advantages of the militia is the enabling them to defend the country in the most effectual manner by attacking the territories of the enemy.

it be remembered, that whenever the farce of the MAYOR OF GARRAT is performed, how constantly the satire, levelled solely at the Westminister militia, is applied to the county regiments; as if it were a good jest to suppose that country clowns were afraid of oxen, and that country squires could not ride.

The exercise of the London trained bands was a subject of ridicule so long ago as the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as appears in THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE. Perhaps the satire was directed by the soldiers of the old feudal system against the first attempt at regular discipline; who being themselves never trained, but in immediate preparation for actual service, laughed at all other training, just as the regulars now laugh at the militia, and as the regulars have themselves been laughed at for military parade * in time of peace. If this be so, the success of the London trained bands against the horse at the battle of Newbury, instead of being wonderful, was the natural consequence of the superiority of disciplined, though untried infantry, against cavalry †. This seems confirmed by the account of Lord Clarendon.

---

* That the officers in the army are at least indebted to the militia for taking this source of ridicule from them, appears from a poem called MANNERS, written by Paul Whitehead.

'Mark our bright youths, how gallant and how gay,
'Fresh plum'd and powder'd, in review array;
'Unhurt each feature by the martial scar,
'Lo! Albemarle assumes the god of war.
'Yet vain, while prompt to arms by plume and pay,
'He takes the soldier's name, from soldier's play,
'This truth, my warrior, treasure in your breast:
'A standing soldier is a standing jest.
'When bloody battles dwindle to reviews,
'Armies must then become mere puppet shews;
'Where the lac'd log may strut the soldier's part,
'Bedeck'd with feather, though unarm'd with heart.'

† 'The London trained bands and auxiliary regiments, (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service beyond the easy practice of their postures in the artillery garden, men had then TOO CHEAP an estimation) behaved themselves to wonder; and were in truth the preservation of the army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about. OF SO SOVEREIGN BENEFIT AND USE IS THAT READINESS, ORDER, AND DEXTERITY IN THE USE OF THEIR ARMS, WHICH HATH BEEN SO MUCH NEGLECTED.' This shews they were the only well-disciplined foot in the army.

The most zealous partizan of the militia must acknowledge its weakest part to be the want of proper subordination in the officers. A few singular instances of public spirit excepted, the hope of honour and emolument, and the fear of disgrace and punishment, are the general spurs to human industry; and these are wanting to the militia officer. This deficiency in discipline is the most felt in those regiments which are most respectably officered in point of qualification, as the commanding officers of militia will not often be inclined to exact a very strict obedience from persons who have great property and influence in their counties.

The ballotting for the militia, which was taken from the French, is also a defect. If every man ballotted were compelled to serve if able (which is impossible), there would be no injustice, as all would be on an equality. But as no person ever does serve, who can possibly afford to hire a substitute, the ballot is merely gambling who shall pay a most unequal poll-tax. If property were assessed to find soldiers, it would be more just, and the deputy-lieutenants might then be stricter in the choice of men, than common humanity will now permit them to be when the principal is in very low circumstances. P.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. XII.

Collatis undique membris.—HOR.

DISPROPORTIONED MARRIAGES.

ILL suited matches are productive of such complicated misery, that it is a wonder it should be necessary to declaim against them, and by arguments and examples expose the folly, or brand the cruelty of such parents as sacrifice their children to ambition or avarice. Daily experience indeed shews, that this misconduct of the old, who, by their wisdom, should be able to direct the young, and who either have, or are thought to have, their welfare in view, is not only subversive of all the bliss of social

life, but often gives rise to events of the most tragical nature. As any truth that regards the peace of families cannot be too often inculcated, I make no doubt the following history, the truth of which is known to some in England, and to almost all France, where it happened, will prove acceptable to the public. At Paris, whose splendor and magnificence strikes every stranger with surprise, where motives of pleasure alone seem to direct the actions of the inhabitants, and politeness renders their conversation desirable, scenes of horror are frequent amidst gaiety and delight; and as human nature is there seen in its most amiable light, it may there, likewise, be seen in its most shocking deformity. It must be owned, without compliment to the French, that shining examples of exalted virtue are frequent amongst them; but when they deviate from its paths, their vices are of as heinous a nature as those of the most abandoned and dissolute heathens. The force of truth has made monsieur Bayle acknowledge, that if all the poisonings and assignations which the intrigues of Paris give rise to, were known, it would be sufficient to make the most hardened and profligate shudder. Though such bloody events do not happen so often in London, they are, notwithstanding, but too frequent; and, as the avarice of the old sometimes conspires with the passions of the young to produce them, the story I am going to relate, will, I hope, be not unedifying to the inhabitants of this city.

A citizen of Paris, who, though he could not amass wealth, for the acquisition whereof he had an inordinate passion, made, by his unwearied efforts, wherewithal to maintain his small family handsomely; he had a daughter, whose beauty seemed to be the gift of heaven, bestowed upon her to increase the happiness of mankind, though it proved, in the end, fatal to herself, her lover, and her husband. Monsieur d'Escombas, a citizen advanced in years, could not behold this brilliant beauty without desire; which was, in effect, according to the witty observation of Mr. Pope, no better than wishing to be the dragon which was to guard the Hesperian fruit. The father of Isabella, for that was the name of the young lady, was highly pleased at meeting with so advantageous a match for his daughter, as old d'Escombas was very rich, and willing to take her without a portion; which circumstance was sufficient, in the opinion of a man whose ruling passion was a sordid attachment to in-

terest, to atone for the want of person, virtue, sense, and every other qualification. Isabella, who had no alternative but the choice of a convent or of M. d'Escombas, preferred being consigned to his monumental arms, to being, as it were, buried alive in the melancholy gloom of a convent. The consequences of this unnatural union were such as might be expected; as madame d'Escombas in secret loathed her husband, her temper was in a short time soured by living with him, and she totally lost that ingenious turn of mind, and virtuous disposition, which she had received from nature. Certain it is, that a woman's virtue is never in greater danger than when she is married to a man she dislikes; in such a case to adhere strictly to the laws of honour, is almost incompatible with the weakness of human nature. Madame d'Escombas was courted by several young gentlemen of an amiable figure, and genteel addreess; and it was not long before her affections were entirely fixed by Monjoy, an engineer, who was equally remarkable for the gentility of his person, and politeness of his behaviour. There is not a city in the world where married women live with less restraint than at Paris; nothing is more common there, than for a lady to have a declared gallant, if I may be allowed the expression; insomuch that women, in that gay and fashionable place may be justly said to change their condition for the reason assigned by lady Townly in the play, namely, to take off that restraint from their pleasures which they lay under when single. Monsieur d'Escombas was highly mortified to see Monjoy in such high favour with his wife; yet he did not know how to get rid of him, though he had not the least doubt that he dishonoured his bed. On the other hand, madame d'Escombas and Monjoy, who looked upon the old man as an obstacle to their pleasures, were impatient for his death; and the lover often declared, in the presence of his mistress, that he was resolved to remove the man who stood between him and the happiness of calling her his own. In a word, he plainly discovered his intention of assassinating her husband, and she, by keeping the secret, seemed to give a tacit consent to his wicked purpose. Their design was to marry publicly as soon as they could dispatch a man who was equally odious to them both, as a spy who watched all their motions, and kept them under restraint. It was not long before Monjoy had the opportunity he wished for; he happened accidentally to sup with the husband of his

mistress, at a house not far from the Luxemburgh palace, and supper being over, desired him to take a walk with him in the gardens belonging to it, which the old man, who dreaded Monjoy as much as he hated him, did not dare to decline. In their way thither Monjoy found some pretence or other to quarrel with him; and having jostled him down, just as they came to the steps at the entrance of the garden, stabbed him several times in the back, and left him there breathless, and covered all over with wounds, which were given in such a manner as made it evident to every body, that he had been treacherously killed. It has been justly observed, that murderers often run headlong into the punishment which they have incurred by their crime; the conduct of Monjoy shews this observation to be just. No sooner had he committed the barbarous action above mentioned, but he went to a commissary, whose office is much the same in France with that of a justice of peace in England, and declared upon oath, that he had killed d'Escombas in his own defence. The commissary was at first satisfied with his account, and would have dismissed him; but Monjoy being in a great flutter, and continuing to speak, dropt some words which gave the commissary a suspicion of his guilt. He accordingly sent for the body, and his suspicions were confirmed by a view of it. The assassin was there committed to the Chatelet, which is the city-prison at Paris, as Newgate is here; the body was likewise sent there, and, according to custom, exposed to public view, that the relations and friends of the deceased might come and lay claim to it. No sooner was madame d'Escombas informed of the confinement of her lover, but, blinded with her compassion, she went to visit him in his prison, and was there detained upon a suspicion of being an accomplice in the murder.

In the prison madame d'Escombas and her gallant had plunged deep in guilty joys, and a child, whose education madame Adelaid took charge of, after the tragical death of these lovers, was the fruit of their unlawful amours. Monjoy, though he rioted in bliss, and his passion for madam d'Escombas continued unabated, was, however, from time to time seized with a deep melancholy; he knew himself to be guilty of the murder, and had not the least doubt but he should fall a victim to public justice; he therefore joined with the friends and relations of madame d'Escombas, in endeavouring to persuade her to go for England, for he was aware of

the weakness of human nature, and justly apprehensive that tortures might force from him a confession which would prove fatal to one who was dearer to him than himself. Madam d'Escombas, blinded by her passion for Monjoy, and doomed to destruction, would never give ear to this advice; she thought herself secure in her lover's attachment, and never once imagined that a near view of death might shake the firm resolution he had made never to impeach her. Just about the time that the murder above related was committed, the parliament of Paris, which is the chief court of justice in the kingdom, and without the concurrence of which, no criminal can be brought to justice, was first removed to Pontoise, and then banished to Soissons, on account of their severe proceedings against the archbishop of Paris, who had given positive orders to all priests and curates, not to administer the sacrament to any but such as could produce certificates from their confessor. This circumstance procured our guilty lovers a year and a half of added life, for that space of time elapsed before the return of the parliament, and till then it was not possible to bring them to a trial. They availed themselves of the time which they owed to the absence of their judges, and drank deep draughts of the cup of love; but it was dashed with poisonous ingredients, which at last made them both rue their ever having tasted it. They were roused from their trance of pleasure by the return of the parliament, which was no sooner recalled, but Monjoy was brought to a trial, and, being upon full evidence found guilty of the murder of monsieur d'Escombas, was condemned to be broke alive upon the wheel. Amidst all the torments which he suffered in receiving the question ordinary and extraordinary, he persisted to affirm that he had no accomplices; and the guilty wife of d'Escombas would have escaped from justice, had not a principle of religion, imbibed from his infancy, had more power upon the mind of her lover, than even the most excruciating bodily pain.

The confessor who attended Monjoy upon the scaffold, refused positively to give him absolution, if he did not discover his accomplices, telling him in the most peremptory sense, that he could not hope for salvation, if he concealed them from the knowledge of the world. This had such an effect upon the unhappy man who was on the verge of eternity, that he desired madam d'Escombas might be sent for: she was accordingly brought

in a coach, and Monjoy told her in the presence of the judges, that she was privy to the murder of her husband. Upon hearing this she immediately fainted away, and was carried back to prison. Her lover was, pursuant to his sentence, broke alive upon the wheel, after having made a pathetic remonstrance to the standers by; and madam d'Escombas was about a month afterwards hanged at the Greve at Paris upon his impeachment. Such examples as these shew, that the misfortunes which attend unlawful love, are often owing to the cruelty of parents, who by tyrannising over the hearts of their children, lead them into that ruin which they might have escaped, if treated with indulgence.

THOU SHALT NOT DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME OF IT.

All christians will subscribe to this; but the whole history of christianity shews, that few will allow any thing to be *evil*, which according to their own conceptions, leads to *good*. That all fraud is evil, must (one would think) be universally allowed; but the man of religion dissents and distinguishes. "Fraud," says he, "is not always a pernicious thing, but is good or bad ac- "cording to the intentions of him who uses it. A fraud "in season, and practised with judgment, is attended "with great good: it ought not indeed to be deemed so "much a fraud, as a certain wise and politic way of "managing." This he urges: and he urges in the language of Chrysostom, who contends for the utility of fraud in military, civil, and even domestic concerns; and, particularly makes it as necessary in physicians to deceive for the good of bodies, as he would infer it to be in divines for the good of souls.

Jerom, another writer in the times of primitive christianity, in like manner adopted this principle of deceiving; and plainly believed no deviation from rectitude to be unlawful, which flowed from piety and zeal for christianity: *non condemnamus errorem*, says he, *qui de odio Judæorum et fidei pietate descendit.* And, speaking in another place of controversial writings against the Pagans, he holds it allowable to urge all arguments false as well as true; to use tricks in disputation; in short employ any artifice whatever, which may best serve to refute and conquer an adversary: and he justifies this

practice by the examples of Origen and Eusebius against Celsus and Porphyry*.

The real truth is, and it is vain to dissemble it, that christians in all ages have never scrupled at any *means*, to bring about what they deemed a good and pious *end* †: else whence those, not only frauds and tricks, but persecutions, inquisitions, and the various terrible modes of conversation, which have been practised in the church, from its earliest establishment down to the present hour? whence the infatuation to be persuaded, that men might actually *do God service*, while they made havock and destruction of his creatures?

But there are no lengths to which men may not be carried, when influenced by zeal and bigotry, without any controul from reason and common sense. The very devout and over-righteous have ever been *above ordinances*, as the cant of fanaticism expresses it. The Antinomians of all ages have insisted, that the "obligations "of morality and natural law are suspended; that the "elect guided by an eternal principal, more perfect and "divine, are superior to the *beggerly elements* of justice "and humanity;" and, that, in short, every thing is lawful to the saints. To what purpose shall it be said to such, *ye shall not do evil that good may come of it?*

Meanwhile it is certain, that this principle of *doing* (or which is the same thing, of suffering) *evil that good may come of it*, has by no means been confined to the pale of the church; it has indeed been countenanced by the universal practice of mankind, as well in civil as religious concerns. Ancient and modern writers have been quoted to justify the expedient of deceiving the people‡: and a man who should detect and expose any received and established system in either government or religion, however futile its foundation §, would be persecuted by

---

* Opera, tom iv. p. 113. 236. *edit Benedict.*

† From the allowance and practice of *pious frauds* it comes to pass, by an eay transition, that many vastly good people, who would not *swear* for the world, or commit any sin of *eclát*, yet will not scruple occasionally to *lye*—the meanest of all sins.

‡ *Hæc Pontifex Scævola nosse populos non vult—expedire igitur existimat falli in religione civitates, quod dicere etiam in libris rerum divinarum ipse Varro non dubitat.* Aug. de Civ. iv. 27.

§ A *very indifferent religion, well believed, will go a great way*, says Jeremy Collier, the famous non-juror; *an honest heathen is none of the worst of men.* View of the Immorality and Profaness of the English Stage, p. 28—Jeremy Collier must have liked the following passage from Curtius— *nulla res efficaciùs multitudinem regit, quam superstitio;*

his compatriots as a bad member of society. And why? because these systems are deemed useful and even necessary to keep the people in order *.

And if from bodies and establishments we descend to individuals or single instances, we shall find the worst and basest *means* employed to bring about (what have been deemed) just and lawful *ends*. When the Earl of Suffolk fled into Flanders, to promote an insurrection against Henry the VIIth, Henry doubtless thought himself warranted to countermine and subdue him. For this purpose, he caused Sir Robert Curson, captain of the castle at Hammes, to fly from his charge, and to feign himself the Earl's servant. Curson did so: and, having insinuated himself into the secrets of the Earl, and become his confidant, communicated every thing to Henry. Meanwhile Henry, to confirm the credit of Curson, caused to be published at Paul's Cross the Pope's Bull of excommunication and curse against the Earl of Suffolk and Sir Robert Curson: "wherein it must be confessed," says Lord Bacon very gently, "that *heaven was made too much to bow to earth*, and religion to policy †."

In the time of Cromwell, a thousand tricks were played to find out and convict the disaffected; and an accursed order of villains, who were called *Duckoys* and *Trapans*, were employed to worm out their secrets under hypocritical pretences, and then betray them. Thus overreached, Colonel Andrews lost his head: nor, says my author, "was the President *Bradshaw* ashamed openly "to declare in court, that by counterfeit letters he had "corresponded with him in the name of the *King*‡."—

---

alioqui impotens, sæva mutabilis: ubi vana religione capta est, melius ratibus quam ducibus suis paret. But the latter part of it, so much to the relish of Jeremy, may probably have made the whole unpalatable to the statesman: who, it is observable, hath never been forward to employ the priest in any of his manœvres, when he could possibly do without him. Q Curt. iv. 39.

* But do not men, who thus contend for the utility of *all* religions to the support of government, appear to put *all* religions upon a level, confounding the true with the false? and, if government can as well be supported by fraud and imposture, as by a genuine and pure religion, must not the God of *truth* and the God of *order* seem two distinct beings?

† Hist. of Henry VII.—Zopyrus acted precisely the same part for Darius against the Assyrians, whom he betrayed: only to gain their confidence more effectually, he caused his nose, ears and lips to be cut off, and then feigned to have been thus treated by Darius. Just. Hist. i. 13.

‡ Bates's *Elenchus Motuum, &c.* Part II.

Even in the case of petty traitors, these arts have not been judged too mean to be practised; and unless my memory deceives me, John the Painter's conviction could not be made full and complete, till some pretended friends had cajoled and drawn him to convict himself.

All such arts, however, are not only mean, but base and wicked. A man who would preserve his integrity untainted, should not put himself into the attitude of a villain, no, not for a moment. The inward feelings soon accommodate themselves to the outward situation and garb; the artificial character soon becomes natural; and therefore I should dislike, a player, to act a bad man but I would not, as an advocate, defend a bad cause.

S.

A HIGHLAND STORY.

Origin of the name of BENIN GOROD, *in Mull, a mountain with Basaltes Pillars, 200 feet in height; discovered by Mr. Raspe in the year* 1789: *and far superior to Staffa, the Giants' Causeway, or any other specimen of the kind hitherto known.*

THE name of this unequalled natural phenomenon arises from a story of a nature so peculiarly tragical, that it merits to be preserved. There are many traditions respecting it, but the following seems to be the most authentic.

A powerful chieftain, who was Lord of the island of Mull many years ago, was no less distinguished for the extent of his territories, where he lived in great feudal magnificence, than for a ferocity of temper which knew no bounds, and a spirit of avarice which he found no means of satisfying but by grievously oppressing his tenants and vassals, and seizing their property and estates.

He was particularly anxious to acquire the possessions of a neighbour, whose name was *Gorod*, on account of their extent and contiguity. But he had long abstained from any attempt of this kind, both as Gorod, though above fifty years of age, had remained unmarried, and, failing of him and his heirs, the estate reverted to the chieftain, and because his only son, who was reared, according to the custom of those times, in the family of a vassal, was then in his custody.

Gorod, however, contrary to the expectation of every one, married a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, whom he had accidentally met with in one of the neighbouring islands ; and the chieftan had reason to apprehend that the expectations with which he had flattered himself of getting his vassal's estate, by a failure of his posterity, would be frustrated.

Impelled by lust and disappointment, he resolved to destroy the hopes and happiness of Gorod by seducing his wife, which he with difficulty effected, and at last carried her in triumph to his castle.

Gorod concealed his rage, whilst he inwardly vowed vengeance: and having contrived, in the course of a great hunting party, at which the chieftan and his son, *Gorod* and the lady, and all the principal people of the island assisted, to bring the whole company to the summit of a lofty mountain, he seized the youth, and, standing on the brink of a frightful precipice, he exclaimed " This instant I plunge myself and this boy down the cliff, unless that infamous woman is put to death by the hands of her seducer."

The chieftan, trembling for the safety of the only support of his family, and encouraged by the persuasions of his unhappy mistress, who presented her breast to the stroke, reluctantly obeyed.

Gorod then cried out " I am revenged ; but that tyrant must be punished."—Then, springing with the unhappy youth in his arms, they were dashed in pieces in an instant.

The place has ever since been known by the name of *Benin Gorod*, or the *Hill of Gorod*: and the prospect from its summit, particularly when the spectator revolves in idea the scene that was there exhibited, excites a degree of horror which it is impossible to describe.

ANTIQUUS.

KIRK LEAS IN YORKSHIRE.

KIRK-LEA is built upon a rising ground above the spot where the old abbey stood. This abbey was endowed by King John with five manors and various lands (the present estate). The grant itself to the ancestors of this family is curious; comprising the designation of the manors and estate upon a piece of parchment not larger than a quarter of a sheet of paper, to which the

great seal of King John is annexed, nearly the size of the deed. It appears that Elizabeth de Stanton was prioress of this abbey, in King John's time; her tomb-stone is now extant in the old burial ground of the priory, and in clear distinct preservation. The inscription is thus expressed, in large letters of the old Anglo-Saxon character, near the edge:

"Here lyes Elizabeth de Stanton Prioress of this Abbey
"Sweete Jesus have mercie upon her Soul."

She was aunt to Robin Hood (so called); which name was assumed by the Earl of Huntingdon. His conduct (according to the manner of those times, when the barons disputed the king's authority) having excited royal indignation, he fled to Kirk-Leas, and sought the protection of his aunt in that abbey, where he lay concealed. Some time after he died there, and was buried on the side the castle hill in the Park. The figures of him and his three chief companions—Little John—Will Scarlet—and Midge, the miller's son, dressed in the martial habits of that time, still form a beautiful ornament at one end of the hall at Kirk-Leas: the walls of which are enriched with the arms in relief of the various ancestors who succeeded each other.

Robin Hood's grave was discovered by Sir John Armytage, in the year 1755, as they were removing earth to form a new road near the castle hill in the present Park, being a part of the alteration he made of the old grounds.

The tomb-stone was entire, with an epitaph on a long blue slab (nearly the size of that remarkable long one in the passage-cloister of Westminster—but his aunt's somewhat less than his), describing his title, change of name, and great skill in archery. The river ealder, now famous for its navigation, runs with a fine stream down the valley below.

ROBIN HOOD'S EPITAPH.

Hear undernead dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of huntingtun
nea arcir ver az hie sae geud
an pipl kauld im Robin Heud
sick utlawz as hi an is men
wil England nivir si agen.
obiit 24 kal. dekembris, 1247.

R. G.

OSSIAN.

FIN-MAC-COUL is a personage, who with the other heroes of Ossian, was very familiar to the historians, and poets of Scotland, during the age of Sir David Lyndsay, and during some centuries before. They were mentioned by Barber, in 1375; by Hotland, in his *Houlat*, 1453: by Bishop Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*; by the historians Boece, and Lesley; and even by Colvil, in his *Whig's Supplication*, 1681. From all those premises, it follows, that neither of the contending parties, about the genuineness of *Ossian*, are altogether right. The chronology of Hanmer, Macpherson, and their followers, is most egregiously erroneous. On the other hand, those who insist on the forgery of Ossian's Poems by Macpherson and on the recentness of Ossian, argue against facts, which cannot be contradicted. Gawin Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour* mentions

> " Gret gow Mac Morne, and Fin-Mac-Coul, and how
> " They ruld be goddis, in Ireland, as they say."

Gow Mac Morne is *Gaul*, the son of Morni; *Gow* being the Scoto-Saxon pronunciation of *Gaul*. If we follow the learned bishop to Ireland, we shall discover " the genealogy of *Fin-Erin*, or Fin-Mac Coyl." In the Rev. Doctor Hanmer's Chronicle, p. 24. " The Danes of the line of *Fin-Erin*, that came out of Denmarke, were these: David, the king's sonne, who had to his sonne borne, in Ireland, Dewre Dove, who had foure sonnes, Cowrry, Boyrkene, Fyagh, and Oghe; Boyrkene had a sonne called Garrenisio; and Con-Caghmore was his sonne, Con had a sonne named Ferrelagh; and he had a sonne called *Irenmore*; this Irenmore had to his sonne *Coylie*-Negoe; and he had a sonne called, Fin-Fa, alias Fin Mac Coyle; and he had a sonne called *Oshen*; and he had a sonne called Osker. This *Oshen* lived An. Dom. 432, in the dayes of St. Patrick, unto whom he made a relation of many things before going, and was by him baptized, being of the age of seven-score years. " Such is the egregious fable of Dr. Hanmer! There were no Danes, in that age: there were no Danish rovers, or *sea-kings* till almost four centuries had elapsed after this epoch: yet, is this passage curious, as it contains so many characters, who have become of late, so very famous, and familiar to us. It is true, indeed,

that Ossian, and his heroes, are always connected with the *Danes;* the *Danes* of *Ireland:* but, the true epoch of the arrival of the Danish sea-kings, in that island, is the begining of the ninth century; as we know from Ware, and Usher: of consequence, in fair discussion, the story of Ossian, and his heroes, cannot back beyond the *ninth* century: neither can poems, which are chiefly founded on that story, be older than the events, which compose that story. But, we find, in fact, that several of the heroes of Ossian were mentioned by our historians, and poets, for centuries before Macpherson was born; and Ossian, and his heroes, are, to this day, interwoven into the *topography* of Scotland, and the traditions of the country.

CRIM-CON.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SORROW AND REASON.

Addressed to Lord Borringdon.

Sorrow. A young fellow has stolen my wife.

Reason. Young men are prone to that species of robbery. I am sorry to observe that in this age I have very little influence over the mind of the youth of both sexes; I wish I may have some influence over your's at present, for I see you are very much affected. You must consider this matter. Was she young and handsome?

Sorrow. Both.

Reason. Two great temptations. You married her for her beauty?

Sorrow. I did.

Reason. You should have reflected, that the season of youth and beauty is short, and that both fly off together: the woman that won your affections, was sensible, no doubt, that she could win those of another; and some of that frail sex are as ambitious of lovers after they have entered into the married state as before it. Was she fond of dress?

Sorrow. Passionately; she would spend hours together at her toilet.

Reason Every time she looked in her glass, she thought she saw the face of an angel in it, and perhaps she thought that an angel ought not to employ her time in domestic affairs. Was she fond of Romances?

Sorrow. She would sit up all night reading them.

Reason. Then of course she slept all day?

Sorrow. A considerable part of it.

Reason. Then, as to her temper?

Sorrow. Capricious.

Reason.. Extravagant?

Sorrow. My purse was at her command.

Reason. And she exhausted it?

Sorrow. Frequently.

Reason. Now let us cast up the account, and see what you have lost, and what you have gained. In the first place you married a woman for her beauty, a short-lived flower; and she married you for your wealth, which could scarce gratify her vanity and extravagance; you thought you took an angel to your arms; but the result has proved that there are fallen angels. Instead of consulting your happiness, she poisoned it: instead of pouring the balm of consolation into your mind when it was afflicted, she poured a torrent of words into your ears: she consulted her glass oftener than she consulted your countenance; her nights were spent in reading romances, so that her head was filled with imaginary adventures, and heroes that never existed: such a defenceless castle was easily besieged. Why, if you view all this with an indifferent eye, instead of a loss, you have gained. If a physician cured you of a tertian fever, you would reward him with thanks and money, and what should be the reward of that physician who has rid you of a quotidian fever? Your mind will be no longer distracted with the caprices of a woman, whose temper was not even to be regulated by the weathercock, and whose tongue would run for hours together without winding up; you will be no longer besiged by a train of milliners and perfumers. Little you know how much you are indebted to him that carried off such a disease. If he was your friend pity him; if he was your enemy rejoice. You are now restored to your health, and a little time and reflection will restore you to your senses.

Sorrow. I can't restrain my tears.

Reason. If carried away by force, forgive her; but if willingly?

Sorrow. Willingly: she stole off with her gallant in the dead of night.

Reason. Many a man would pray for such a night, and hail the annual return of it with feasting and music.

Sorrow. My unhappy wife went off willingly.

Reason. If she loved you, she would not have done so: how then can you weep for a woman that is unworthy of your affection?

Sorrow. My unhappy wife!

Reason. Truly she will be unhappy, and he that stole her more so: repentance quickly treads on the heels of unlawful appetite. But you should remember, that this is an injury kings could not escape: for Masinissa stole away the wife of Syphax, and Herod stole away the wife of Philip, and Menelaus had two wives, and they were both stolen.

MR. WHITFIELD.

Mr. Whitfield's eloquence was of a peculiar cast, and well adapted to his auditory, as his figures were drawn from sources within the reach of their understanding, and frequently from the circumstances of the moment. The application was often very happy, and sometimes rose to the true sublime: for he was a man of warm imagination, and not wholly devoid of taste. On his first visit to Scotland, he was received in Edinburgh with a kind of frantic joy, by a large body of the citizens. An unhappy man, who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was to be executed the day after his arrival. Mr. Whitfield mingled with the throng, and seemed highly pleased with the solemnity and decorum with which the most awful scene in human nature was conducted. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motivss which led him to join in the crowd. The next day, being Sunday, he preached to a large body of men, women, and children, in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon, he adverted to the execution which had taken place the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree: and that, perhaps, curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion: but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake.—I witnessed the conduct of almost every one present on

that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased therewith. It has given me a very favourable impression of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenance, and reflected the greatest credit on your hearts; particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever, you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside, and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different was this, when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross—the Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink; not one of all that witnessed his pains, turned the head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, there was one, that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his bright face, and sailed on in tenfold night."

JOHN DENNIS.

From a MS. Collection in the Hand-writing of the late Dr. Lyon.

THIS gentleman had certainly great merit in the commonwealth of learning, but was unhappy from some peculiarities that his disappointments in the world had seemed to make almost natural to his temper, at least as some were of opinion, who made but small allowances for his unhappy circumstances. His talents, in short, created him many enemies among the small wits and minor poets, who, in some sort, made it a common cause to depress a judgment of which they had reason to be afraid. If, however, he had causelessly or unjustly offended any one, the wretched circumstances through which he had struggled, to a tedious, an indigent and helpless old age, was a revenge which the most exasperated mind could not wish to its worst enemy: and it will be always remembered, to the praise of two or three gentlemen of exalted genius as well as humanity, that they could overlook his little failings, and do him real benefit, for the sake of his greater excellencies. The political writings of this unhappy gentleman, together with several MSS. which never appeared, manifest his steady love to his country, and strict adherence to the Protestant interest. As to his other pieces, let better judges give them their due character: we shall only add, that we think he may be called *the last classic wit of King Charles's reign.*

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

An Examination of the Charges maintained by Messrs. Malone, Chalmers, and others, of Ben Jonson's Enmity, &c. towards Shakspeare. By Octavius Gilchrist. 8vo. *pp.* 62. *Taylor and Hessey.* 1808.

It has been so strongly and repeatedly urged, that Ben Jonson was the enemy of Shakspeare, that very few have latterly entertained a doubt upon the subject. The authorities were high on which the assertions rested, and were consequently not much questioned. As a point of fact therefore it is material to examine into the ground of the accusation, and it is but just to the fame of *rare Ben* to rescue his reputation from a charge which, if proved, our regard for Shakspeare would naturally aggravate into a high and unpardonable misdemeanor against the great Sovereign of the Drama. Mr. Gilchrist has undertaken this laudable task, and he has proved incontestably, that there is no just ground for the imputation. We never gave the least credit to the story, but we were far from aware that such indubitable testimony could be adduced in its refutation. The principal arguments on which Mr. Gilchrist relies are these: Tradition has given to Shakspeare the merit of having introduced his companion to the stage. If this be true, and there is nothing to contradict it, it would be unfair to tax Jonson, without good foundation, with ingratitude to his friend. The lines to the memory of his *beloved* William Shakspeare are in the highest strain of eulogium. No writer of that day or the present has gone beyond them. For instance,

> While I confess thy writings to be such
> As neither man, *nor muse*, can praise too much.
>
> ---
>
> Soul of the age,
> The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage.
>
> ---
>
> Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to shew,
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not of an age, but for all time.

Farmer calls these verses "the warmest panegyrick on Shakspeare that ever was written."

George Steevens believed that this praise would not have been bestowed on Shakspeare had he been living. This, as an opinion only, goes for nothing. He has failed to support it with any proof of Ben's disinclination on other occasions to acknowledge the merit of his illustrious competitor. Malone infers that there had been a quarrel between the two poets, from the *Return of Parnassus*, wherein Kempe, in a supposed dialogue with Burbage, is made to say,

"Few of the university pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Juppiter. Why here's our fellow Shakspeare put them (the university poets) all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakspeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit" In this proof of a quarrel according to Malone, and Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Gilchrist sees no reference to personal animosity; it was a just testimony to the superior merit of "the poet of nature" over the writings of more "learned candidates for fame;" and the well merited compliment is very appropriately put into the mouth of Will Kempe, one of "Shakspeare's *fellows*." "Shakspeare (adds Malone) has sufficiently marked his disregard for the calumniator of his fame, by not leaving him any memorial by his will"!!!

These lines, from Jonson's *Prologue* to his *Every Man in his Humour*,

> "He rather prays, you would be pleas'd to see
> One such to-day, as other plays should be;
> *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas*,
> Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please,"

Mr. Malone would convert into "a clumsy sarcasm" on Shakspeare's Henry V.

To this Mr, Gilchrist very satisfactorily replies, "Jonson's design in this prologue was clearly to ridicule the tricks and stratagems, the phantasmagoria, and Sadler's-wells' antics, by which his contemporaries engaged the frequenters of the stage in that early age of theatrical representation, and to win them by ridicule from buffoonery, bombast, and empty machinery,

> "To deeds, and language, such as men do use;
> And persons such as comedy would chuse

When she would shew an image of the times;
And sport with human follies, not with crimes:"

—the legal and genuine purpose of dramatic representation, and such appears to have been Jonson's general object. For "the chorus," thus acutely converted into "a clumsy sarcasm" on the great bard, one might be tempted to suppose that Mr. Malone would have us conclude, that the introduction of it in Henry the Fifth is the only example of its adoption on the English stage; or why must Jonson's reprobation of the practice be construed into a sneer at Shakspeare? Why, but for the purpose of encouraging an opinion, founded on falsehood, and fostered by misrepresentation? The fact is, that Jonson, with all his fondness for the ancients, thought the chorus, borrowed from the Greek tragedies, an incumbrance, and openly reprobated it; as Shakspeare had before ridiculed the "dombe shewe" of his predecessors. But the chorus on the English stage is coeval with the first tragedy, Gorbodue; was the common appendage of the drama during his life, as may be seen in many instances among the old plays edited by the late Isaac Reed; and, though declining, continued in use long after Shakspeare had made his exit from the scene of life. That it was displeasing, Shakspeare was conscious, by his apologies for its introduction in the case of Henry the Fifth, and his omission of it on all other occasions. Heywood, also, who has adopted it in his "Fair Maid of the West," quarto, 1651, seems to have been sensible of the absurdity, when he introduces a chorus saying,

'Our stage so lamely can express a sea,
That we are forc'd by chorus to discourse
What should have been in action.'

What, then is there in the line quoted by Mr. Malone, that is not applicable to fifty others as well as Shakspeare? and what is there to justify his charges of "clumsy sarcasm, and malevolent reflection?"

'Discite justitiam moniti, et non spernere verum.'

"The same eagerness of research for finding attacks on Shakspeare, exhibited in preceding examples, has been employed to discover a sneer at him in this passage of foregoing extract:

'To make a child now swaddled to proceed
M n, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years.'

" This is considered 'a palpable hit' at the beautiful drama, 'The Winter's Tale:' than which inference nothing can be more unnecessary. Certainly in none of Shakspeare's plays are the unities of time and place more disregarded than in the present; but this neglect or contempt was not peculiar to the bard of Avon; similar and even greater licences are found in Lilly's Endimion, in 1591, and Patient Grissel, performed as early as 1599. Nor was the practice confined to these; George Whetstones, in an epistle prefixed to his Promos and Cassandra, 1578, speaking of the absurdities and offences committed against the laws of the drama by various nations, says, 'the Englishman in this qualitie is most vain, indiscreet, and out of order. He first grounds his work on impossibilities: then in three hours runnes he over the worlde: marryis, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devills from hell, &c.' And Sir Philip Sidney, in his 'Defense of Poesie,' 1589; when complaining of Gorbodue* as 'faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions;' adds, 'but if it be so in Gorbodue, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Africa of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by, we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not conceive it for a pitched field?

" Now of time they are much more liberal: for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child; delivered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours space; which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine.'

---

* " How comes it that Warton, in his " History of English Poetry," invariably writes this *Gordobuc*?

"These extracts, while they are irresistible proofs of the generality of Jonson's satire in the present case, may suggest to the calumniators of Ben the probability of other passages being equally so; and his 'taxing may like a wildgoose fly, unclaimed of any man.'

With similar force and success Mr. Gilchrist combats and defeats the position, that in the *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, Ben Jonson intended by the following passage to ridicule the *Tempest* and *Winter's Tale* of Shakspeare:—"If there be never a *servant-monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of *antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." The satire was general, and levelled, not at Shakspeare, but at the extravagant masks and other stage exhibitions which prevailed in those days.

But, admitting that all these passages do apply to Shakspeare, is the proof complete that Jonson was guilty of envy, malignity, and ingratitude towards the great poet? It can only amount to this: that Jonson disapproved of these instances of false taste in the writings of Shakspeare, which the authority of his great example would tend to multiply, to the exclusion or injury of the higher qualities of the drama.

Mr. Gilchrist further maintains and proves, that Jonson's fifty-sixth epigram on "Poet-Ape," was not intended, as Mr. Chalmers will have it, as a lampoon on Shakspeare, but a satire on Dekker, who acknowledged the allusion in the following lines in the Satiromastix, evidently addressed to Ben Jonson:

> "That fearful wreath, this honour is your due,
> *All poets shall be Poet-Apes but you.*"

Such are the principal arguments in support of the heavy accusation, that Ben Jonson was at enmity with Shakspeare, and envious of his reputation; and thus ably and satisfactorily has Mr. Gilchrist refuted them.

We have only adverted to the leading points; but Mr. G. has entered fully into the whole question, and stripped the accusers of old Ben quite bare. He has also, incidentally, detected some false criticisms of the commentators on the works of Shakspeare.

He thus sums up the whole, "Jonson has been accused of heavy crimes upon fictitious and imaginary foundations. How hard it is to prove a negative need not be shown: but the testimony in his favour does not rest here;

we have incontrovertible evidences of their friendly attachment; to which should be added the uncommon zeal, with which Jonson cherished the literary reliques of his friend.—We have seen that he composed an elegy on his death; that he inscribed his resemblance with his praise; and Mr. Malone thinks that he wrote the preface to the first collection of his works. Nor did time diminish Jonson's regard, or efface the remembrance of his companion from his mind. Many years after Shakspeare's death, Ben with warmth exclaimed, 'I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasie, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Harterius.'

"I have now little to add. If the memory of men, honourable in their generation, deserve our respect and reverence; if the writings of poets, who have bequeathed their works as legacies to posterity, have any claim upon our regar; if truth, whoever and whatever the subject, be worth attaining; the present pages may be endured. For these purposes they are written; and it is hoped, with diffidence, that by them truth will be elicited. No example can be instanced in literary history of a poet of Jonson's extraordinary merit so unworthily and ungratefully treated. An invidious position is asserted, without the slightest proof from historical testimony, and his writings are tortured and perverted to support the fallacious theory. Years have passed in this disgraceful warfare, and no lover of literature has hitherto stepped in, to refute the charges, and check the progress of malicious dulness. If I have undertaken the cause of the poet, it has not been without a perfect conviction of my inability to do full justice to the task; nor should I have engaged in it, but from the most decided confidence in the justice of the cause. My motive has been, to rescue a venerable bard, who has many substantial claims upon our gratitude, from charges founded on errer, and fostered by misrepresentation. If Jonson is unfortunate in his advocate, I shall have my reward if this imperfect essay shall excite some abler pen to undertake the office. That there are ample means of defence, I am fully persuaded from the examples adduced, the result of a few days casual and interrupted study. It is not necessary for

Jonson to perish, that Shakspeare may flourish; *his* fame is fixed on a foundation 'as broad and general as the casing air;' and the commentator or critic, injures the fame of the 'gentle Shakspeare,' who would raise him a phœnix from the ashes of another."

A Father's Advice to his Son at School. 12*mo.* 1*s.* *Mathews and Leigh.*

The most salutary advice conveyed in simple but correct language, and in a very persuasive and affectionate manner. The original was sent to the author's son at school, and we learn from the preface, that the admonitions have proved beneficial. Indeed he must be a boy of little sensibility, on whom the concluding address would make no impression.

"These hints which I have thus thrown together, as they arise in my mind, without any orderly or methodical arrangement, you will consider as dictated by the purest affection and most unfeigned regard; for which reason, I doubt not, you will read, learn and inwardly digest them, always bearing in mind that your improvement is the sole object your father had in view, whose happiness and comfort in this life will depend very much upon the part which you perform in it: if you grow in wisdom, as you grow in stature, and walk in the paths of religion and virtue, you will pour upon my mind a sunshine of satisfaction which this world can neither give nor take away: You will make what remains of my life pass on in serenity and comfort: You will pluck up many a thorn which would otherwise grow in my way, and smooth and enlighten my passage to the gates of the grave.

"But if, unmindful of my admonitions and your own duty, you unhappily become a vicious and immoral character, following the multitude to do evil, and treading the high road to ruin and disgrace; you know not the agony with which you will pierce my soul, you will shorten and embitter my days, and send me to the tomb, before my time, miserable and disapopinted."

The Siller Gun. A Poem, in four cantos: with notes, and a glossary. By John Mayne, author of the Poem of "Glasgow," &c. 12*mo. pp.* 154. *Richardson,* 1808.

This Poem is founded on an ancient custom in Dumfries, called *Shooting for the Siller Gun.*

The Gun is a small silver tube, like the barrel of a pistol, but derives great importance from its being the gift of James VI. that monarch having ordained it as a prize to the best marksman among the Corporations of Dumfries.

The contest was, by royal authority, licensed to take place every year; but, in consequence of the trouble and expence attending it, the custom has not been so frequently observed. Whenever the festival is appointed, the birth-day of the reigning sovereign is invariably chosen for that purpose.

The institution itself may be regarded as a memorial of the Waponshaw—the shooting at butts and bow-marks, and other military sports, introduced by our ancestors, to keep alive the martial ardour and heroic spirit of the people.

It was on one of the contests for this royal prize, namely, that of the 4th of June, 1777, that the first Verses entitled *The Siller Gun* were composed. They were afterwards published by Mr. Ruddiman, in *The Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, and thence copied and printed in various forms by different persons.

These Verses, in some respect, constitute the groundwork of the present Poem; but the additions and alterations are so numerous, that scarcely an original stanza now remains.

To enable our readers to form any idea of the subject of this poem, they must first be told what the *Siller Gun* is. The Siller Gun (it seems) is about ten inches long; has silver marks stamped on it; and, according to what old people say they heard from their progenitors, was originally mounted on a carriage, with wheels, all of silver; but of these no vestige remains. Near the touch-hole, the letters I·M are engraved on the barrel, supposed to be the initials of the Provost of Dumfries at the time when this ceremony was first instituted. This, however, is mere conjecture: such records of the Corporations as were prior to the reign of Charles II. have suffered so much by decay, that they are no longer legible; and, after that period, the only mention in them of the SILLER GUN is an occasional memorandum of its having been shot for "agreeable to the institution."

The Burgh of Kirkcudbright is also in possession of a Silver tube, or Gun; which, like that of Dumfries, is said to have been given to the Corporations by King

James VI. It is about seven inches long; marked T*M.C* 1587. These letters are supposed to be the initials of Sir Thomas M'Clellan, Laird of Bombie, Provost of Kirkcudbright* in 1587, and ancestor of the Lords of that name. This gun is lodged with the Town Clerk of Kirkcudbright, and has only been shot for twice in the memory of any person living. The last time was in the summer of 1781, when the Corporations applied by petition to have the gun delivered to them, that they might shoot for it at a target. Their petition was granted; but no similar application has been made since 1781.

The Corporations of Dumfries, however, seem to possess privileges which are unknown to their brethren at Kirkcudbright. The SILVER GUN of Dumfries is at all times deposited among the archives of the Corporations. They have, moreover, a royal licence or injunction, to assemble in military array, and shoot for it once a-year. Till lately, every Deacon-Convener was allowed, if he pleased, to call out the trades for this purpose once during his administration, which generally lasts for two years; but a regulation has been made among the trades themselves, that this ceremony shall not take place oftener than once in five years. When a day is fixed, and a mandate issued for this purpose, all the Freemen of the Corporation are obliged to appear at the time and place appointed by the Convener. If any individual refuse to appear, he is subjected to a fine of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling; and, till payment thereof, interdicted from voting in any of the affairs of the corporations.

"Along with the royal license to assemble in military array, the corporations are privileged to shoot for the SILVER GUN at the King-holm, which is part of the common land belonging to the town, and laved by the dimpled waters of the Nith. The fields at the Craigs, however, as often as permission can be obtained, (for they are private property,) are always preferred, being better adapted for the purpose."

The author of this Poem, which is in the Scottish dialect, pleasingly describes the custom of shooting for this *Siller Gun*, and enters with appropriate feeling into the manners and amusements which distinguish the Scottish character in the walks of humble life. In the first canto is described the bustle which prevails among

the inhabitants and peasantry in the neighbourhood before the arrival of this celebrated festival.

" For weeks before this fête sae clever,
The fowk were in a perfect fever,
Scouring gun-barrels i' the river—
At marks practizing—
Marching wi' drums and fifes forever—
A' sodgerizing !

And turning coats, and mending breeks,
New-seating where the sark-tail keeks ;
(Nae matter tho' the cloot that eeks
Is black or blue ;)
And darning, with a thousand steeks,
The stockings too."

The *muster* also, and *review*, are described with much humour :

" And ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a groupe review'd elsewhere !
The short, the tall ; fat fowk, and spare ;
Side coats, and dockit :
Wigs, queus, and clubs, and curly hair ;
Round hats, and cockit !

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrow'd or begg'd, were of a' kinds
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunder-busses !

Maist feck, tho' oil'd to make them glimmer,
Hadna been shot for many a Simmer;
Aud Fame, the story-telling limmer,
Jocosely hints,
That some o' them had bits o' timmer,
Instead o' flints.

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spik'd, to let nae priming ben ;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rozit-end
Held on their locks!"

After the review, the different squads march to the Craigs, the scene of action, followed by the acclamations of the multitude, while

" As thro' the town their banners fly,
Frae windows low, frae windows high,
A' that cou'd find a nook to spy,
Were leaning o'er;
The streets, stair-heads, and carts, forbye,
Were a' uproar!

These short extracts will shew something of the style and spirit of the poem.

Plot and Counterplot; or, The Portrait of Michael Cervantes; a Farce, in two acts. By Charles Kemble. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. 8vo. 1s. 6d. *Appleyards.* 1808.

We have already spoken of this farce. It is a bustling, lively entertainment, founded on a very novel incident, and, aided by the rich humour of the actors of *Fabio* and *Pedrillo*, irresistibly ludicrous in representation. The dialogue is neatly written; but it is somewhat disingenuous in Mr. C. Kemble not to have acknowledged the source from whence he derived his *Plot and Counterplot.* They are evidently of foreign invention, and in justice to the original author, as well as in common fairness to the public, he should not have made it appear that the whole merit of this popular and ingenious production is imputable to himself.

The Blind Boy: a Melo-drama, in two acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. 8vo. 2s. *Longman & Co.* 1808.

The *Blind-boy* has, likewise, a French parent, but as no writer in this country, publicly claims the offspring as his own, we have no body to accuse of *child-stealing.* The truth is, there is a miserable lack of invention in the English dramatists, and there is no concealing the fact, that every thing for the last ten years that is novel in idea, artful in plot, powerful in interest, striking in situation, grand in *spectacle*, and captivating in general effect, has been supplied or suggested by the French and German theatres. The merits of this little drama are sufficiently known. Its construction is very ingenious: the interest which commences with the piece, increases with every scene, and all the incidents conduce to the general developement.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

Mrs. WARREN,

(FORMELY MISS BRUNTON.)

THIS lady, who died at Alexandria in America on the 5th of July, was born in Drury Lane, Westminster, May 30, 1769, and was the eldest daughter of Mr. John Brunton. She had seen very few plays, and but a short time before her apperance in her first character, had not the least idea of ever treading upon the stage. In February, 1785, however she made her first appearnce in the character of Euphrasia, (Grecian daughter) which was then performed at Bath for the benefit of her father. Previous to the play, the following address, written by Mr. Meyler, was spoken by her father.

Sweet hope! for whom his anxious parent burns,
Lo! from his tour the travel'd heir returns,
With each accomplishment that Europe knows;
With all that Learning on her son bestows;
With Roman Wit and Grecian Wisdom fraught,
His mind has ev'ry letter'd Art been taught.
Now the fond father thinks his boy of age,
To take an active part in Life's vast stage;
And Britain's Senate opes a ready door
To fill the seat his sire had fill'd before.
There, when some question of great moment springs,
He'll rise—then "hear him, hear him," loudly rings;
He speaks—th'enraptur'd listening throng admire
His voice, his argument, his genius' fire!
The fond old man, in pure exstatic joy,
Blesses the gods that gave him such a boy!
But if insipid dulness guide his tongue,
With what sharp pangs his aged heart is wrung—
Despair, and shame, and sorrow make him rue
The hour he brought him to the public view.
And now what fears! what doubts, what joys I feel!
When my first hope attempts her first appeal:
Attempts an arduous task—*Euphrasia's* woe—
Her parent's nurse—or deals the deadly blow!
Some sparks of genius—if I right presage,
You'll find in this young Novice of the Stage:
Else had not I for all this earth affords
Led her thus early on these dangerous boards.
If your applause give sanction to my aim,
And this night's effort promise future fame,

She shall proceed—but if some bar you find,
And that my *fondness* made my *judgment* blind,
Discern no voice, no feeling she possess,
Nor fire that can the passions well express;
Then, then for ever, shall she quit this scene,
Be the plain housewife, not the Tragic Queen.

The unfavourable reports circulated by those who formed their opinions rather from external appearance than mental ability, operated in her favour:—The audience expected to see a *mawkin*, but saw a CIBBER. The applause was proportionate to the surprize; every mouth emitted her praise, and she performed several parts in Bath and Bristol, a *phenomen* in the theatrical hemisphere.

She afterwards undertook, with the same success, the parts of Horatio, (Roman Father) and of Palmira, (Mahomet). Her fame now spread to the metropolis; and soon excited the attention of Mr. Harris, who was determined to visit Bath, to view in person, this new theatrical constellation. He went—he saw—he resolved. He immediately engaged Miss Brunton and her father, for three years certain, at very handsome salaries. On the 17th of October, 1785, Miss Brunton made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of Horatio, before an audience uncommonly numerous, who received her with incessant exclamations of rapture and applause. Her entrance was prefaced by a prologue, written by Mr. Murphy, and spoken by Mr. Holman, which contained an elegant compliment to Mrs. Siddons. During the succeeding summer seasons, she performed at several respectable towns with increased reputation.

On her marriage with Mr. Merry the poet, she quitted the stage, but following her husband to America, she resumed her profession in that country, and soon became a prodigious favourite. Mr. Merry died suddenly in 1798. His widow married, some time after, Mr. Wignell, manager of some of the theatres there, and on his death, was induced to enter a third time into the matrimonial state with Mr. Warren. This lady's figure was rather of the under size, but she was nevertheless elegant in her person, and graceful and easy in her action and deportment. Her voice was beautifully feminine, and extremely melodious, when exercised in what is termed level speaking.—Her countenance was agreeable, and her features regular and expressive; happily so where the

situation demanded a smile. She spoke naturally, and laid her accent and emphasis with critical correctness.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CORNEILLE AND RACINE.

The mind of Corneille was naturally vigorous. He possessed an elevated imagination; and the power of reasoning, the noblest thoughts and the genuine effusions of eloquence, are predominant in his compositions: He would have displayed them with equal energy in any other kind of writing which he might have chosen. As the dramatic art is the result of an union of diversified talents, he was the first who furnished the model of those that belong to an exalted soul, and proceed from the vigorous combination of ideas. But he was from the same cause, subject to defects. His most admired authors, and the studies of which he was fondest were analogous to the bent of his mind. It is well known that his favourite writers were Seneca, Lucan, and the Spanish poets. Like Lucan, the love of the sublime betrayed him into bombast; like Seneca, he was so attached to reasoning, that he became subtle and uninteresting; like the Spanish writers, he outraged probability, for the purpose of producing effect. But the beauties for which he was indebted to his natural powers, placed him, for thirty years, so far above his cotemporaries, that it was impossible for him to enter into a mature examination of himself, and perceive in what he was deficient. Racine, born with that lively imagination, that inflexibility of mind and heart, that tender sensibility, the most essential qualities for tragedy, which Corneille did not possess, with the finest and most delicate sentiment of harmony and elegance, and the happiest facility of elocution, the most essential qualities for all poetry, of which Corneille was also devoid, had to do with judges whom Corneille had instructed by his successes and his faults. He wrote at a time when every kind of literature was approaching to perfection, when true taste was formed; and he found in D Espréaux, the severest and most judicious judge of his age, at once a friend and a critic. Thus nature and the circumstances of the times in which he lived, combined to make Racine a perfect writer; and he was one. 'The progressive display of his talents is the best proof of his observations and exertions, and of that constant study of himself so necessary to every writer who wishes to approach perfection.'

ANECDOTES OF MACKLIN.

One night, sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, (before the late alterations at Covent Garden Theatre took place,) one of the under-bred box-lobby loungers of the present day stood up immediately before him, whose person being rather large, covered the sight of the Stage from him. Macklin took fire at this; but managing himself with more temper than usual, patted him gently on the shoulder with his cane, and with much seeming civility, requested of him, "that when he saw or heard any thing that was entertaining on the Stage, to let him and the gentleman with him, know of it: for you see my dear Sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend on your kindness." This had the desired effect—and the lounger walked off.

Another time sitting nearly in the same place, a Noble Lord, since dead, rather of *a suspicious character in his amours*, placed himself close by him, and entered into conversation with him. After his Lordship went away, a friend of Macklin's was rallying him on the awkwardness of his late situation. "Why yes, Sir," says he, "It was rather critical, I must confess: but what could I do? He offered me the first civilities; and you know there's no *turning one's back* upon such fellows."

Talking of the *caution* necessary to be used in conversation amongst a mixed company, Macklin observed, "Sir, I have experienced, to my cost, that a man in any situation of life, should never be off his guard—A *Scotchman* never is; he never lives a moment *extempore*, and that is one great reason of their success in life."

Macklin was very intimate with Frank Hayman, (at that time one of our first historical painters,) and happening to call upon him one morning, soon after the death of the painter's wife, with whom he lived but on indifferent terms,) he found him wrangling with the undertaker about the extravagance of the funeral expences. Macklin listened to the altercation for some time: at last going up to Hayman, with great gravity he observed, "Come, come, Frank; though the bill is a little extravagant, pay it in respect to the memory of your wife:

for, by G— I am sure she would do twice as much for you had she the same opportunity."

A notorious *egotist* one day in a large company, indirectly praising himself for a number of good qualities which it was well known he had not, asked Macklin the reason why he should have this propensity of interfering in the good of others, when he frequently met with unsuitable returns? "I could tell you Sir," says Macklin. "Well do, Sir; you're a man of sense and observation, and I should be glad of your definition"—"Why then, Sir—the cause is *impudence*—nothing but stark-staring impudence."

A gentleman at a public dinner asking him, inconsiderately, whether he remembered Mrs. Barry, the celebrated Actress, who died about the latter end of Queen Ann's reign, he planted his countenance directly against him with great severity, and bawled out, "No, Sir—nor Harry the Eighth either—They were both dead before my time."

An Irish dignitary of the church (not remarkable for veracity) complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a *liar*, Macklin asked him what reply he made him. "I told him," said he, "that a lie was amongst the things I *dared* not commit." "And why, Doctor," replied Macklin, "did you give the rascal *so mean an opinion of your courage?*"

One of the band of Covent Garden Theatre, who played the French horn, was telling some anecdotes of Garrick's generosity. Macklin, who heard him at the lower end of the table, and who always fired at the praises of Garrick, called out, "Sir, I believe you are a *trumpeter*" "Well," said the poor man, quite confounded, "and if I am, what then?" "Nothing more, Sir, than being a trumpeter, you are a dealer in *puffs* by profession."

CONGREVE.

This sprightly writer has been in general supposed to have written his Comedies without any reference to life or nature. The following transcript from a manuscript letter of Mr. Dryden to Mr. Walsh (Mr. Pope's friend) will shew how ill this observation is founded:

Sir G. Kneller pinx. *Hopwood sculp.*

Published by Mathews & Leigh, July 1st 1808.

"Congreve's *Double Dealer* (says he) is much censured by the greater part of the Town, and is defended only by the best judges, who, you know, are commonly the fewest; yet it gains ground daily, and has already been acted eight times. The women think he has exposed their bitchery too much, and the gentlemen are offended with him for the discovery of their follies, and the way of their intrigues under the notion of friendship to their ladies' husbands."

Dr. Johnson objects to the plots of Congreve's comedies, in some of which the play terminates with a marriage in a mask. This excellent and acute critic did not, perhaps, recollect, that till the beginning of Queen Anne's reign women used to come to the theatres in a mask. This practice was forbidden by a proclamation of that Queen, in the first year of her reign.

Mr. Congreve, after having been at the expence of the education of the young representative of his ancient and illustrious family, left nearly the whole of his fortune to Henrietta ,Duchess of Marlborough,

An Essay on the Difference between Wit and Humour, in a Letter to Mr. Dennis the Critic, from Mr. Congreve, is printed in the Baskerville edition of this comic writer's works. It is very short, but very well done.

SHAKSPEARE'S COMMON PLACE BOOK.

From Gilchrist's Examination of the Charges against Ben Jonson.

Mr. CHALMERS finds that Jonson's fifty-sixth epigram, "on Poetic Ape," was intended as a lampoon on Shakspeare. Thus:—

Poor *Poet-Ape*, that *would be thought our chief*,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage is become so bold a thief,
As we, the robb'd, leave rage, and pity it.
At first, he made low shifts, would pick, and glean;
By the reversion of old plays, now grown
Into a *little wealth*, and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own.
And, told of this, he slights it. Tut! such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
He marks not whose 'twas first; and after-times
May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
Fool, as if half-eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece.

With much self-complacency, Mr. Chalmers observes on these verses, "the eye must be blind indeed, if it do not see, that Shakspeare was the Poet-Ape of Ben Jonson."

If Mr. Chalmers really does perceive the resemblance, he must, I think,

> Have eyes where other folks are blind,
> As pigs are said to see the wind.

I have marked the passages according to the distinction used by the apologist, and we shall see how he makes the application. Where the modest Shakspeare expressed a wish to "*be thought our chief*," he has not cared to show. But, "*in order to decide what we ought to believe, in these matters, as *things certain*, we must look back upon the early management of our theatres. The papers of Henslowe, the well known manager of so many companies, throw many flashes of light on this obscure subject. It is apparent, from these manuscripts, that the poets of the days of Elizabeth, and James, supplied the stage with dramas, more for profit than reputation. If we except Ben Jonson, perhaps, there were none of the dramatists, including Shakspeare, specially, who cared for literary reputation.—The managers of the theatres who paid their money for plays, considered these plays as so much their own, that they could either curtail them, or make *addycions* to them: in fact, they often paid one set of poets, to alter the dramas of another set, without considering the literary reputation of the original author."†

That none of the dramatists, excepting Jonson, cared for literary reputation, is an error abundantly proved by the multitude of plays with dedications by their authors: and the fact, stated by Mr. Chalmers, of their selling their works to the players, is a reason why all but the names of many are lost, more convincing than the alleged oscitancy of the poets.—But this is not the object of my present inquiry.

To the practice of curtailing and making additions to plays I accede, and from this very circumstance I infer, that the poet-ape of Jonson was any body but Shakspeare. Jonson could not attack Shakspeare as wishing

---

* Supplemental Apology, page 237, 8vo. 1799.
† Stevens's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 444—489.

"to be his chief," before the former was introduced to the stage: and the MS. to which Mr. Chalmers refers begins in 1597. Among the alterers and repairers of decayed dramas, we find the names of Dekker, Drayton, Chettle, Anthony Munday, Heywood, and a long et cætera of poets, the memorials of whose lives have, perhaps, undeservedly perished;* but among these entries not once does the name of our beloved Shakspeare," occur. That Shakspeare wrote on the subjects already dramatized by inferior authors, is not to be denied; but that he lived "by the brokage of others' wit," or that he altered plays for his theatre, is not proved in a solitary instance; that he *ever* did, is barely possible: but that he did not, after Jonson became a retainer to the stage, seems proved by the absence of his name in the MS. of Henslowe. It cannot be too much to require of Mr. Chalmers, who has given us two sisterly octavos crying proof! proof! † something approaching to evidence of the truth of his assertions.

That the works of Shakspeare are "e'en the frippery of wit," Mr. Chalmers proves in his "Apology." by citing Marston's description of a fop‡ in his day; who

---

* Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymalbies
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Hor. Od. 9. lib. iv.

† The horse-leech hath two daughters crying give, give.
Proverbs, xxx. 15.

‡ Luscus, what's play'd to-day? fayth now I know
I set my lips abroach, from whence doth flow
Nought but poor Juliet and Romeo.
Say; who acts best? Drusus or Roscio?
Now I have him, that ne're of ought did speake,
But when of players he did treate.
H'ath made a common place-book out of plays,
And speakes in print, at least, whate're he saye
Is warranted by certain plaudites.
If e'er you heard him courting Lesbia's eyes;
Say (courteous sir), speakes he not movingly
From out some new pathetique tragedie?
He writes, he railes, he jests, he courts, what not:
And all from out his huge long scraped stock
Of well-penn'd plays.

Marston's Stat. 10. 1599.

(like many fops of our own) being play-mad, spoke of nothing but plays and players, whose conversation was of the newest and most popular tragedy, from which he courted his Lesbia most pathetically, and from which he borrowed all his jests and raillery. In this coxcomb of antiquity Mr. Chalmers recognises the features of Shakspeare, and boasts of his discovery in the following terms: "We now perceive, that Shakspeare's table-talk turned chiefly on his profession; that he ne'er of ought did speak but when of play or players he did treate. We at length perceive, that Shakspeare had discernment enough to know the value of a common-place-book to a professed writer: he made a common-place-book out of plays: he writes, he rails, he jests, he courts, what not; and all from out his huge long-scraped stock of well-penn'd plays. This is such a delineation of our dramatist as his admirers have never seen before."—No; I'll be sworn! and as Costard says, "an I had but a penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread," for the discovery. No one before Mr. Chalmers, I am well persuaded, ever contemplated the great poet, "of imagination all compact," as the Lazarus of literature; like his own moth living on the alms-basket of words, and at a great feast of plays, as stealing the scraps: but since this discovery has been made, I am confident that the author of The Rambler has satirized Shakspeare under the wit Papilius, subsisting a week upon an expression, of which he who dropped it, did not know the value.—"*Go by, Jeronimo.*" If this be the consequence

---

In the 34th of Elizabeth's reign, John Marston was chosen reader of the Inner Temple; and among the Oxford verses on the death of that princess, there is a copy signed John Marston *ex œda Christi.*

O. G.

"It is a fact, which cannot be disputed, that Marston was, in 1599, very intimately connected with Ben Jonson, who was then at variance with Shakspeare: Marston and Jonson afterwards quarrelled; as such poets could not long be friends: Marston again parodied Shakspeare in his "What you Wish," 1697, wherein he says; "Look ye, I speak play scrapes." Supplemental Apology, 251, note i.

Here are five positions in the course of as many lines, some of which are utterly erroneous, and not one of which can Mr. Chalmers prove; unless he has some secret evidence, not yet before the public. I am aware of the notice of Marston in Drummond's conversation with Jonson.

of seeking the *ancient mother;* if the study of those, who wrote "*i' the olden time,*" thus brighten the wit, inform the mind, and improve the judgment, let us even join chorus with Timotheus Milesius—

Ουκ αειδω τα παλαια,
Καινα γαρ ἁμα κρεισσω—
Απιλω Μετα παλαια.

For this degradation of Shakspeare, Mr. Chalmers received the merited chastisement of the "British Critic;"* but in the "Supplemental Apology" he returns to the charge, and thinks he proves the fact of Shakspeare's common-place collections in the following quotation:

"I will repeat what I have already said, and prove what is plainly demonstrable; viz. that Shakspeare was a diligent reader, and *copious collector*. The contemporary of Shakspeare, Webster,† who knew him perfectly, says, in the preface to the "White Devil," what the commentators, and critics, would do well to profit by: *Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance.*‡ For mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that free and heightened style of Master Chapman: the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson: the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher: and, lastly, (without wrong last to be named,) the right happie and *copious industrie* of M. Shakspeare, M. Dekker, and M. Heywood; wishing what I write may be read by their light."

Such is Webster's declaration; and if Mr. Chalmers infers Shakspeare's use of a common-place book from this passage, he deceives nobody but himself: the meaning of Webster's *copious industrie* is sufficiently explained by the company in which he has placed Shakspeare; namely, with Dekker and Heywood. The former had before 1612, according to the apologist's own arrangement, produced thirty-one dramas; Dekker, a still great-

---

* Vol. ix. page 512. 1797.

† To the reader of his "Vittoria Corombona," 4to. 1612, Webster obtained his freedom of the Merchant Taylors' Company, by servitude to Henry Clinkard, the 17th Nov. 1617, as I am informed by G. V. Neunburg, Esq. the present master of that company. O. G.

‡ We may say to Mr. Chalmers---Medice, cura teipsum!

er number, jointly and separately, including those entered in Henslowe's MSS. Heywood, or as Mr. Chalmers emphatically calls him, "much writing Heywood," perhaps, even more:* can Mr. Chalmers produce an example of contemporaneous *industry* equally *copious?* It is pleasant to hear Mr. Chalmers talk of "such scribblers as Dekker and Heywood!" Assuming the fact of Shakspeare's being a "copious collector of common-place scraps," the apologist confidently demands, "Now, what dramatic poet, in that age, grew to a little wealth and credit in the scene, except Shakspeare?" Not construing *wealth and credit in the scene* to mean literally *money*, I think it hardly necessary to point out to Mr. Chalmers, amidst the great constellation of wits that adorned the age in which Shakspeare flourished, and among which he shone the brightest, an instance of a poet gaining credit in the scene. If Mr. Chalmers's memory will not serve him on this occasion, why, "God comfort his capacity, I say," with goodman Dull. The open and avowed quarrel of Jonson with Dekker might have suggested the probability of its being levelled at him, and have incited inquiry into the resemblance from internal evidence; but the truth is, Mr. Chalmers had not read "The Poetaster" of Ben, or he would have found in the prologue to the satire, that Dekker was the *poet-ape* of Jonson;† and a perusal of the drama would have confirmed the fact past question. The epigram in question seems to have irritated Crispinus not a little: numberless allusions to epigrams, made by Jonson occur in the Satriomastix of the latter, and he appears to have smarted severely under the lash. To put that on "poet-ape" completely out of doubt, as far as concerns Shakspeare, it is only necessary, once for all, to observe, that Dekker stung by this epigram, that he could not conceal the pain which it inflicted; and the last speech of Crispinus in Satiromastix thus manifests the poet's throes from these unfortunate lines:

---

* Thomas Heywood was a writer for the stage as early as 1596; and, in an address to the reader, prefixed to "The English Traveller," 4to. 1633, he says he had written in part, or in the whole, no less than two hundred and twenty dramatic pieces.

† Are there no players here? *no poetapes*,
That come with basilisk's eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steeped in venom, as their hearts in gall?
Prologue to Jonson's Poetaster.

That fearful wreath, this honour is your due,
All poets shall be poet-apes but you.

As in all his other charges against Ben, Mr. Chalmers is merely an echo of preceding commentators, and as he evidently made a strenuous effort at originality on the present occasion, it is not without emotions of pity that I rescue the old bard from the well-intended blow of "*the leaden mace.*"

When Dekker published his "Satiromastix," Jonson was new to the stage, and had few claims to the applause of the theatre: when he had produced his "Volpone," "The Silent Woman," and above all, "The Alchemist," perhaps Dekker would not have thought him an object for scorn to point his finger at. These, with his beautiful masques, some of his smaller poems, and even the scintillations sparkling through "Cynthia's Revels," "Every Man in his Humour," and "Every Man out of his Humour," might have demanded a smile of favour, or at least conciliated the repulsive disposition of the *apologist:* but Mr. Chalmers has no sympathy with "humorous poets"—τα ὑπερ ἡμας, οὐδεν προς ἡμας.

My task draws to a close; and the cause is before a competent tribunal. Jonson has been accused of heavy crimes upon fictitious and imaginary foundations. How hard it is to prove a negative need not be shown: but the testimony in his favour does not rest here: we have incontrovertible evidences of their friendly attachment; to which should be added the uncommon zeal, with which Jonson cherished the literary reliques of his friend. We have seen that he composed an elegy on his death; that he inscribed his resemblance with his praise; and Mr. Malone thinks that he wrote the preface to the first collection of his works. Nor did time diminish Jonson's regard, or efface the remembrance of his companion from his mind. Many years after Shakspeare's death, Ben with warmth exclaimed, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasie, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped; *sufflaminandus erat,* as Augustus said of Harterius."

One circumstance in the history of Jonson's life is too illustrative of his friendly ardour to be omitted here. When in his fifty-seventh year, he undertook a journey on foot into Scotland, for the express purpose of visiting the poet of Hawthornden. Ben appears to have dwelt with fond remembrance on the occurrences of this excursion, and had formed them into a narrative, which unfortunately perished by fire; I say unfortunately; for, had it been preserved, we could then have contrasted the rough and manly generosity of Ben towards Drummond with the posthumous libel with which that testy sonneteer has disgraced himself and traduced the memory of his friend. In their conversations Drummond drew from the blunt and unreserved mind of Ben his censure of the poets his contemporaries; which he gave with candour, and which are for the most part just; not suspecting that Drummond (" the acute and amiable Drummond," as Mr. Chalmers calls him, who was any thing but acute, and here any thing but amiable*), was treasuring these overflowings of the poet's mind for the unworthy purpose of slandering the memory of Ben when he was numbered with the dead :—to his own eternal shame, and the reproach of hospitality.

These conversations are found in a worthless edition of Drummond's works, printed at Edinburgh, in folio, in 1711; and if the relation is genuine, it will leave an indelible stamp of disgrace on the reputation of the recorder. Those who remember the remarks of Dr. Johnson on the publication of the posthumous works of the demagogue Lord Bolingbroke, by Mallet, will not fail to apply them on the present occasion.

I have now little to add. If the memory of men, honourable in their generation, deserve our respect and reverence; if the writings of poets, who have bequeathed their works as legacies to posterity, have any claim

---

* A contemporary, who knew Drummond a little better than Mr. Chalmers, calls him " Testy Drummond;" in a defense of poesie, appended to " The most pleasante Historie of Albino and Bellama," 8vo. 1639.

Mr. Chalmers seems frequently to speak of Jonson, Drummond, and others, to persuade us that he " knows something of them;" as he published his " Apology" to convince the late George Steevens that he " knew something about Shakspeare."

upon our regard; if truth, whoever and whatever the subject, be worth attaining; the present pages may be endured. For these purposes they are written; and it is hoped, with diffidence, that by them truth will be eulicidated. No example can be instanced in literary history of a poet of Jonson's extraordinary merit so unworthily and ungratefully treated. An invidious position is asserted, without the slightest proof from historical testimony, and his writings are tortured and perverted to support the fallacious theory. Years have passed in this disgraceful warfare, and no lover of literature has hitherto stepped in, to refute the charges, and check the progress of malicious duilness. If I have undertaken the cause of the poet, it has not been without a perfect conviction of my inability to do full justice to the task; nor should I have engaged in it, but from the most decided confidence in the justice of the cause. My motive has been, to rescue a venerable bard, who has many substantial claims upon our gratitude, from charges founded on error and fostered by misrepresentation. If Jonson is unfortunate in his advocate, I shall have my reward if this imperfect essay shall excite some abler pen to undertake the office. That there are ample means of defence, I am fully persuaded from the examples adduced, the result of a few days' casual and interrupted study. It is not necessary for Jonson to perish, that Shakspeare may flourish; *his* fame is fixed on a foundation "as broad and general as the casing air;" and the commentator, or critic, injures the fame of the "gentle Shakspeare," who would raise him a phœnix from the ashes of another.

O'KEEFE'S PLAYS.

WHATEVER may be the defects of O'Keefe's pieces, they cannot be charged with either immorality, or indecency —no man has succeeded in the *broad laugh* more inoffensively—he might at times be *trivial*, but he is seldom or never *coarse;* and though many of his plays have not the seeds of longevity in them, his "Wild Oats," "Son-in-Law," "Poor Soldier," &c. possess that simplicity of humour, and moral impression, that it must be more the neglect of the times than their demerit, if they are not long found in the course of representation.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF WARWICK CALMADY RICHARDSON, ESQ. TO MARIANNE, ONLY DAUGHTER OF JAMES WALKER, OF LONDON, ESQ.

LO! where the lark on flutt'ring wings,
Darts through the morning's balmy air!
And hark! how sweetly soft he sings,
As up he mounts the welkin fair!

Thus, soars the soul of Warwick high,
Upborne on Hope's expansive wings!
That Marianna's mounts the sky!
Transported on electric springs.

O! may each social rapture warm,
Both Warwick and his blooming fair,
O! may they find a constant charm,
In marriage that's without compare!

May health attend where'er they rove,
And fling her sweetest scents around;
The pleasures of their harmless love,
With beauteous progeny be crown'd!

And when the vital light shall wane,
May each depart without a sigh;
And that immortal bliss obtain,
Dispens'd by the Supreme on high!—

Grafton-street, July 1808. J. G.

SONNET TO HORATIO *****

****! though the arm of Malice was uprear'd,
To hurl destruction on thy guiltless head;
And though thou hast beneath oppression bled!
Still are thy maxims by the good rever'd?
And though on thee thick-headed dulness sneer'd,
Begot by Folly and by Ignorance fed.
Still thou hast brav'd the storm, devoid of dread,
And art from Scylla and Charybdis clear'd!

Like Atlas firm thou scorn'd'st each ruffian blast,
And stood'st immoveable amidst a sea,
Whose waves tremendous bellow'd as they past,
And swore eternal misery to Thee!
So Virtue stands, amidst each grievous wrong,
True to herself, immutable and strong!

Grafton-street, August 1, 1808. J. G.

SONNET,

TO A. B..... OF HAMMERSMITH.

O! that some aerial Pow'r wou'd lend its aid,
And kindly whisper that thy passion's true;
That some congenial Spirit would invade
Thy dubious heart, and every care subdue!
O! that the day---the prosperous day wou'd shine,
Spreading its radiance on my hapless state;
Then might I near thy guardian form recline,
And bless the star, for my auspicious fate!
But, ah! still bound in Melancholy's cell,
Like thee, pale moon! I'm doom'd alas! to wane;
And as the midnight shades eve's rays dispel,
So fly my hopes before remorseless pain!
Yet like the sun that yields th' ensuing morn,
Thy *genuine smiles* wou'd all my woes adorn!——

Cannon-street, August 12, 1808. M. P. A. Z.

TO MISS SARAH MORGAN,

OF YATTON-COURT, HEREFORDSHIRE.

BEHOLD, my love, this flow'ret fair!
How sweetly all its folds expand!
O, mark! with what a modest air,
It courts thy kind relieving hand!

But, soft! I hear its lowly sighs,
And, ah! I view the struggling tear,
Steal from its mildly beaming eyes,
As radiant and as crystal clear!

Thus Virtue oft in misery lies,
Adorn'd with every winning charm;
Thus sterling Genius often sighs,
And lingers, *void* of Friendship's arm!

But thou wast form'd by Heaven divine,
To shield the weak from every storm;
To succour Worth with care benign,
To lure us, and our ways reform!

To thee there's none that pleads in vain,
And though e'en Guilt herself attend,
Thou'rt ever prompt to soothe her pain,
And all her craving wants befriend!

Let poets sing of lovers kind,
Of sparkling eyes and peerless graces,
Give me the gem of lib'ral mind,
For that outshines the sweetest faces!

But when the lib'ral mind is given,
And blended with exterior graces;
Then man thinks earth a second heaven,
And in his Fair an angel traces!

Thus, when on thee I cast my eyes,
Dear charming girl! I soon discover,
That *Yatton-court* a heaven supplies,
And that an angel is my lover!!

August 1*st*, 1808. HORATIO.

ALLA SPAGNA, ALL' ITALIA, ALL' EUROPA.

FRÈME l' Tiranno altero, che sol pone
Ogni diritto nel sanguigno brando,
Che, soggigar il Mondo desiando,
Britannia sola al suo voler s'oppone.

Quindi pien di furore, qual Nerone,
Mentre decreti ognor va fulminando,
Geme l'Europa, e dice sospirando,
" Nel tuo valor confido, invitta Albione!

L'unica speme sei di libertate,
Col tuo Sovran magnanimo, che regna
Con Virtù, con vigor, con dignitate.
Deh resisti al feroce, che desegna,
Dopo te, calpestar l'umanitate;
Satan l'incita, e l'empio il Ciel disdegna."

Ma gia pena condegna
(Paga ormai di punir li falli altrui)

Mandagli giù da la sfera superna
La Providenza Eterna !
Di generoso sdegno i figli tui,
Iberia sconsolata,
Volan qual turbo a vendicar l'onore,
Su l' empio Usurpatore,
De la lor Patria si contaminata !
Magnanimo il Britanno
Efficace soccorso a voi gia manda,
Alle invitte commanda
Squadre sue di sol far guerra al Tirano.
Ne le vicende de la dubbia sorte
L'Ispan prisco valor vi sia presente,
Con fermezza, alla mente:
Per la Patria, e'l Savran bella è la morte.
Con l'orrenda *perfidia*, non ascosa,
La pace è vergognosa.
Scuoti l'indegno giogo, Italia mia,
Siegui d'Iberia 'l glorioso esempio !
Vile serva d'un empio
Sara chi Gran Regina esser dovria ?
Ma già l'Europa, di rossore tinta,
Dalla gloria rispinta,
Risorge a cancellar da la sua fronte
Gl' errori gravi, e l'onte.
Qual Attila, flagel del germe umano,
Vinto, di rabbia insano,
Fugge 'l terror de' vili, non de' fieri
Angli, Ispani guerrieri !
Van' è 'l fuggir ! reciso è 'l teschio orrendo,
Anchor d'ira fremendo,
Qual d' Oloferne, o di Nadir atroce !
Si rasserena 'l Ciel, torna giocondo :
Ride, respira l' mondo ;
Mentre giù spinta e l' anima feroce !
All' orribile porta fa tragitto,
Dov' al barlume è scritto,
" Lasciate ogni speranza, o voi, ch' entrate,"
Scettri rapendo all' anime dannate.

Londra, Luglio, 1808.

L. E. discendante
di un vero Sapgnolo.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

JULY

28. Iron Chest—Plot and Counterplot.

29. [Never acted.] THE AFRICANS; or *War, Love, and Duty.* The overture and music composed and selected by Mr. Kelly. Farulho (the priest), Mr. Thompson; Torribal, Mr. Farley; Madiboo, Mr Fawcett; Selico, Mr. Young; Demba Sego Jalla (King of Kasson), Mr. Palmer, jun.; Daucari, Mr. Carles; Fetterwell. Mr. Grove; Marrowbone, Mr. Menage; Henry Augustus Mug, Mr. Liston; Berissa, Mrs. Gibbs; Darina, Mrs. St. Leger; Sutta, Mrs. Liston. The scenery by Mr. Morris, &c. Sylvester Daggerwood—Mrs. Wiggins.

30. Ib.—Seeing is Believing—Cheats of Scapin.

AUGUST

1. Ib—Love laughs at Locksmiths.

2. Ib—Sylvester Daggerwood—Waterman.

3. Ib.—Mock Doctor—Spoilt Child. Little Pickle, Mrs. Bellamy.

4. Ib.—Ways and Means.

5. Ib.—Ghost—Cheats of Scapin.

6. Ib—Music Mad—Follies of a Day.

8. Ib.—Spoilt Child—Catch him who can.

9. Ib—Mrs Wiggins—Tale of Mystery.

10. Ib.—Seeing is Believing—Hunter of the Alps.

11. Ib.—Mock Doctor—Katharine and Petruchio.

12. Ib.—Blind Boy. Edmond (1st time), Miss A. De Camp.

13. Ib—Plot and Counterplot—Music Mad.

15. Ib.—Recruiting Serjeant—Tom Thumb.

16. [Mr. FARLEY's Night.] Blind Boy—Plot and Counterplot—Valentine and Orson. Valentine, Mr. Farley; Orson, Mr. Grimaldi, (his 1st appearance on this stage); Hugo, Mr. Grove; Green Knight, Mr. Menage.

17. Africans—Ghost—Escapes.

18. [Mr. TAYLOR's Night.] Five Miles off—Review. Looney Mactwolter, a Gentleman, (1st appearance on any stage). Imitations—Hob in the Well, (1st time for 15 years.) Hob, Mr. Taylor; Hob's Father, Mr. Noble; Betty, Mrs. Taylor; Flora, Mrs. Mathews.

19. Africans—Blind Boy.

20. Revenge—Music Mad—Village Lawyer.

22. [Mr. MATHEW's Night.] Young Quaker—Blue Devils.—(Never acted] FIRST COME FIRST SERV'D; or, the *Biter Bit.* Characters by Messrs. Liston, Farley, Mathews, Noble, Mrs. Davenport, Miss De Camp.

The AFRICANS, is the production of Mr. Colman, an author whose name ranks deservedly high among the dramatic writers of the day. In the present instance he has not been eminently successful. There is a substantial interest in the story; but it is too much dilated, and the deficiency of Incident is supplied by a super-

abundance of Dialogue, the plot is from a Tale of Florian's, which, as a *narrative*, is beautifully simple and impressive, but in adapting it to the Stage, the author has been obliged to look to other sources for materials, and thus, "mixed with baser matter," much of the original interest, and pathos has escaped. The Comic scenes of *Mug*, whimsical as they are in the contrivance, and comic in the effect, can only be considered as so much intrusive buffoonery, suddenly interrupting the interest which the distress of the African family has excited. When their history is resumed, sympathy is again to be awakened, the interim, having dissipated all our emotions. This may be said of all serio comic pieces, but the defect, unavoidable in a Drama so constructed, has seldom been felt more powerfully than in this instance. The story will not well bear to be broken, especially by means so violent. The following, taken from the newspaper, seems to be a pretty correct sketch of the fable.

Act 1st.—Selico is about to be married to Berissa, when the Mandingoes invade Bondou. Madiboo in a shooting excursion sees a party of the enemy, but supposing them to be stragglers, he resolves not to give any alarm till the nuptials of his brother shall be celebrated. In the mean time the town is attacked, and as the priest is uniting the hands of the lovers, intelligence is brought that half the city is already in flames, and the invaders sparing neither sex nor age, are rapidly advancing to the temple. The ceremony is of course stopped—the Mandingoes destroy Tatteconda, and exterminate its inhabitants.

Act 2.—Torribal and Madiboo escape with Darina, and conceal her in a hut.—Madiboo leaves this asylum to seek provisions for his mother—he meets Selico, who relates to him that amongst the slain he found the headless and mangled bodies of Berissa and her father. Madiboo persuades him to seek sustenance for his mother, and soon after his departure, falls in with Mug, who has become secretary of state to the conqueror, and obtains from him a basket of provisions. With these, he returns to the hut, where he finds Selico, whose search has been unsuccessful. The three brothers consult on the means of providing for their mother. Selico proposes to be taken to the Mandingo camp, and sold to the English slave merchants, who have arrived to purchase prisoners. Torribal and Madiboo wish to have it decided by lots, but he overrules them, and sets off with the latter.

Act 3.—On his arrival he finds that his sale can only produce a sufficiency to support his mother for a few days, and hearing a very large reward offered for the apprehension of some unknown person who had on the preceding night procured access to the favourite captive of the King, he determines that his brother shall give him up as the delinquent. This is done, and Madiboo obtains the reward. He is for his alleged crime sentenced to be burned with the female prisoner he is supposed to have visited. The culprits are led to stakes opposite each other, and in his fellow-sufferer he discovers his Berissa. Her father now rushes in, and proves to have been her clandestine visitor. Darina also appears with Torribal and Madiboo; and the King touched with the constancy and filial affection of the lovers, pardons and gives them to each other.

The story being ready for his purpose, and so finely wrought by the Inventor that nothing was necessary to be added, Mr. Colman

has employed his chief labour upon the *Dialogue*, which is highly ornamented, and in the most vigorous stile of the author; but the labour is mis-applied, for the characters required the utmost simplicity of diction, and when a morsel of bread is all the famished mother requires, her hard hearted children feed her with nothing but cramped words, studied antitheses, and a bundle of high flown metaphors. This is a great fault in a play like the present. There are always sufficient opportunities for a writer, gifted like Mr. Colman, to shew that he is a poet; but when the object is to reach the heart, he should not travel to it by a circuitous route.

For the reasons we have stated, the effect of this Drama is not very powerful. The first Act possesses every thing that is necessary; and the Contest of affection between the three Brothers in the second, is exquisitely touching The third Act is a *botch*. It is an Act of mere declamation prolonged till patience itself begins to cry out; and the subject, thus amply discussed, is now become so stale as to pull both on the ear and on the mind. The lovesick *Selico*, distracted for the supposed loss of his half-married wife, heart-broken on account of afflictions which overwhelm his family, and in momentary expectation of death, becomes all at once a subtle disputant, and declamatory bully; while poor *Demba Sego Jallo* very patiently supplies him from his throne with the materials of his argument By the bye this *King of the Mandingoes*, who had been previously represented as a bloodstained usurper, and savage monster, blacker even than Bonaparte, (*blacker* he certainly is in complexion but we did not intend a pun) turns out to be a most amiable character; brave, polished, forbearing, acute, and really magnanimous. The *Denouement* is flat and common.

The comic division of the play rests entirely with *Henry Augustus Mug*, who is a sort of Trudge, more farcical, but less amusing. There are boundaries even to extravagance, and when Mr Colman planned the introduction of a *Cockney* into Tatteconda, and made him a Secretary of state, we have no doubt he was astonished at his own temerity. That a King like *Demba Sego Jallo* should give him such an appointment does not add much to the probability. Some of the incidents in the last act have been dramatized in Il Bondocani; probably from the same original.

The performers distinguished themselves greatly. The Brothers were well represented by Young, Farley, and Fawcett. The latter played admirably, and was doubtless, the great support of the piece. He displayed infinite skill, and in the affecting scenes no Tragedian could have worked upon the feelings more powerfully. Liston is *himself alone*; his humour never fails; and we have no doubt *his Mug*, if not the author's, will long be a source of theatrical attraction.

The music is by Kelly; but there is nothing striking in it. The following song, a sort of parody on the popular ballad of *Won't you come to the Bower* was sung by Liston with prodigious effect.

By trade I am a turner, and Mug it is my name,
To buy a lot of Ivory, to Africa I came;
I met a trading Blackamoor, a woolly old humbug,
He coax'd me up his land, and made a slave of Mr. Mug.
Crying won't you, won't you, won't you, come Mr. Mug?
Won't you, won't you? &c.

My skin is lily white, and my colour here is new,
So the first man whom they sold me to, he thump'd me black and blue.
The priest, who bought me from him, in a tender-hearted tone,
Said come from that great blackguard's house, and walk into my own.
Crying won't you, won't you? &c.
Good lack! but to behold the vicissitudes of fate!
I'm his black Mandingo Majesty's white Minister of State.
For hours, in my lobby, my petitioners shall stay,
And wish me at the Devil, when I hold my levee day;
Crying won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you come Mr. Mug?
Won't you, won't you, &c*.

On the 12th of August Miss A. Decamp performed *Edmund* in the *Blind Boy* for the first time. She is a miniature of her sister, under whose able instruction she seems to have prepared herself for the Character, and acquitted herself extremely well.

Mr. Grimaldi played *Orson* in the grand Melodrama from Covent Garden, produced for Mr. Farley's Benefit, when the house was crowded in every part.

First come first served; or, the biter bit—The principal effect of this little piece arises from the whimsical adventures of two rival Fortune Hunters, admirably supported by Farley and Liston, who in their endeavours to obtain the hand of a young Lady of fortune apply without informing each other to a loquacious, and humourous Country Hair Dresser for assistance. The Hair Dresser performed by Mathews, with his usual drollery and success, promises to aid each of them, with a determination to baffle both, and the tricks and schemes which he employs are full of comic humour. By his ingenuity the young lady is saved from their clutches, and married to her lover. Mrs. Davenport in the part of an amorous old maid, devoted to the study of botany, was very happy; with a very slight alteration, to produce a little more stage effect, we think this Farce would become a favourite with the Public. It is not as some of the newspapers stated, the production of Sir James Bland Burgess, but we believe of Sir John Carr. The former gentleman we understand has a Drama in preparation at this theatre; and as we have few better poets or more elegant writers we hope it will shortly be brought forward. The new Farce was very favourably received. The author is indebted for his principal incident to a French Piece called *Le premier vener.*

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Summer Excursions of the London Actors.---Elliston has been at Dublin, and Edinburgh; Cooke at Newcastle, and is about to proceed to Liverpool; Pope at Dublin; Jones at Manchester, Buxton, &c. Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons at Liverpool and Glasgow; Mrs. Powell at Glasgow and Edinburgh; Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble at Bristol, Brighton, and Lewes; Miss Smith at Dublin and Liverpool; Mrs. H. Johnston at the latter place; Munden in Ireland and at Manchester; Incledon and Johnstone in Dublin; Bellamy and Mrs. Dickons at Dublin and Belfast; Raymond, as acting manager, at Glasgow; Mrs. Litchfield is at Worthing; Kelly is with Catalani in Ireland.

* Mr. Colman received Eleven Hundred Pounds for this piece!

Mrs. Edwin, it is said, has quitted the Dublin stage, and is engaged in Scotland. The Margate Theatre is supported by Wilmot Wells (manager), De Camp, Wheatley, Lovegrove, Holliday, Ditcher, Miss Martyr, Miss Wheatley, Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Ditcher, and the Miss Demnetts.

At Windsor the performers are Messrs. Putnam, Browne, Dalton, Sims, Mrs. Mudie, Mrs. Walley, and Mrs. Sims.

The Drury-lane Theatre is to be under the direction of Mr. T. Sheridan; Mr. Wroughton remains acting manager; and Mr. Graham will continue to give his advice and assistance with respect to the new pieces to be represented, and other theatrical arrangements.

Mr. Crisp has taken the Birmingham Theatre.

Half of the Brighton Theatre has been purchased for something more than 5000 guineas by Sir Thomas Clarges.

The Earl of Guildford has been gratifying his visitors at Wroxton with the representation of *Romeo and Juliet*. He performed *Old Capulet* himself. Mr. Kemble was the *Friar Lawrence*; Mrs. Kemble the *Nurse*. The love-sick hero and heroine of the piece were performed by Master St. Leger and his sister. The whole was conducted with the regularity of a public theatre, and afforded much entertainment to the company.

THE LATE MRS. WARREN, SISTER TO THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

(From *The Baltimore North American.*)

SIR—The following Hendecasyllabic Ode, not more distinguished for the pure and graceful latinity of its style, than the delicacy and beauty of the conceptions, was addressed to the late Mrs. Warren, then Miss Brunton *, by Francis Wroughton. It speaks more than volumes could in her praise; and will be read with fond regret, by every admirer of that accomplish'd actress, who, alas! is now no more.

AD BRUNTONAM,

E GRANTA EXITURAM.

Nostri præsidium et decus theatri;
O tu, Melpomenes severioris
Certe filia! quam decere formæ
Donavit Cytherea; quam Minerva
Duxit per dubiæ vias juventæ,
Per plausus populi periculosos;—
Nec lapsam—precor, O nec in futuram
Lapsuram. Satis et Camœna dignis
Quæ te commemoret modis? Acerbos

---

* Died, at Alexandria, on Tuesday afternoon last, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Ann Warren, the amiable consort of Mr. Warren, one of the managers of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres.——Could the writer so command his feelings upon the present melancholy occasion, as to enable him to enter into a detail of the excellencies of Mrs. Warren's theatrical character, it would be superfluous, her celebrity having long since diffused itself over both her native, and this, her adopted, country.——

(*New York Paper, July* 6, 1808.).

Sen proferre *Monimiæ* dolores,
Frater cum vetitos (nefas!) ruabat
In fratris thalamos, parumque casto
Vexabat pede; sive *Julietæ*
Luctantes odio paterno amores
Maris: te sequuntur Horror,
Arrectusque comas Pavor. Vicissim
In fletum populus jubetur ire,
Et suspiria personant theatrum.
Mox divinior entitescis, altrix
Altoris vigil et parens parentis.
At non Græcia sola vindicavit
Paternæ columen decusque vitæ
Natam; restat item patri Britanno
Et par *Euphrasiæ* puella, quamque
Ad scenam pietas tulit paternam.
O Bruntona, cito exitura virgo,
Et visu cito subtrahenda nostro!
Breves deliciæ! dolorque longus!
Gressum siste parumper oro; teque
Virtutusque tuas lyrâ sonandas
Tradit Granta suis vicissim alumnis.

TRANSLATION.

Maid of unboastful charms, whom white rob'd Truth,
Right onward guiding thro' the maze of youth,
Forbade the Circe, Praise, to 'witch thy soul,
And dash'd to earth th' intoxicating bowl;
Thee meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair,
Clasp'd to her bosom, with a mother's care;
And, as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,
The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.
For never yet did mortal voice impart
Tones more congenial to the sadden'd heart;
Whether to rouse the sympathetick glow,
Thou pourest lone *Monimia's* tale of woe;
Or happy clothest, with funereal vest,
The bridal loves that wept in *Juliet's* breast.
O'er our chill limbs the thrilling terrors creep,
Th' entranc'd passions still their vigils keep;
Whilst the deep sighs, responsive to the song,
Sound through the silence of the trembling throng.
But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace;
When from the daughter's breasts the father drew
The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's dew.
Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to roll,
With mimic feelings, foreign from the soul;
Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the tear;
Methought he said, "thou art no actress here!
A semblance of thyself, the Grecian dame,
And Brunton and *Euphrasia* still the same!"
O! soon to seek the city's busier scene,
Pause then awhile, thou chaste eyed maid serene,
'Till Granta's sons, from all her sacred bow'rs,
With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flow'rs,
To twine a fragrant chaplet, round thy brow.
Enchanting ministress of virtuous woe.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. The Second Volume of the Rev. Mr. Wool's Memoirs of Dr. Jos. Warton. Account of the Life and Writings of the late James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird; by Alexander Murray, F.A.S.E. Account of the Life and Writings of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney; by Thomas Zouch, D.D. F.L.S. Prebendary of Durham. Life of Abraham Newland, Esq.

TRAVELS, &c. Travels through Russia, the Territories of the Don Cossacks, Kuban Tartary, the Grand Crimea, &c. by the Rev. Dr. Edward Clarke, of Cambridge. Observations on a Series of Journeys through the States of New Holland and New York, intended to illustrate the Topography, Agriculture, Commerce, Government, Literature, Manners, Morals, and Religion, of those Countries.

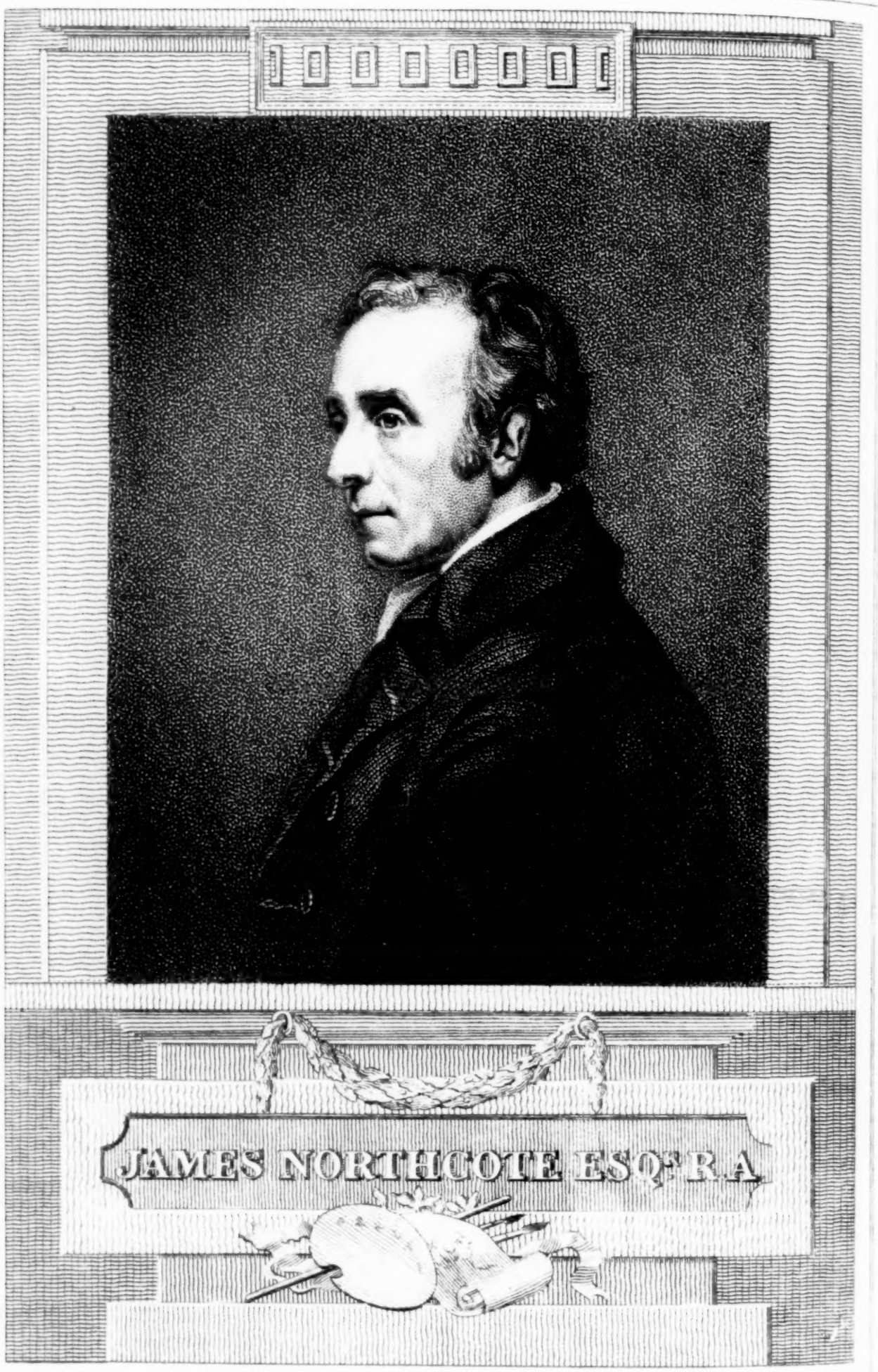
NOVELS, &c. The Murderer; or, the Fall of Lecas; by J. Bounden. Romantic Tales; by M. G. Lewis, Esq. The Female Minor; by Dr. Campbell.

BOTANY. Practical Botany; being a new Illustration of the Genera of Plants; by R. J. Thornton, M. D.

POETRY. Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare, with Notes; by Chs. Lamb. The Shipwreck of St. Paul; a Seatonian Prize Poem; by the Rev. C. J. Hoare. Translations, Imitations, and other Poems; by the Hon. Capt. Herbert. Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English Verse; and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost; by the late Wm. Cowper, Esq.; published for the Benefit of Mr. Cowper's Orphan Godson. Pastoral Care; a Poem.

DRAMA. Plot and Counterplot; a Farce, by Mr. Charles Kemble.

MISCELLANEOUS. Naval Records of the present War; by the Rev. J. S. Clarke; consisting of a Series of Engravings, from original Designs, by Mr. N. Pocock, illustrative of our principal Engagements at Sea, accompanied with Historical Accounts: the Engravings by Fittler, Landseer, &c. A Guide to Burleigh House, the Seat of the Marquis of Exeter, by Mr. Drakard, of Stamford, to be embellished with Engravings by Messrs. Storer and Greig, from Drawings by Mr. E. Blore. Intrigues of the Queen of Spain with the Prince of Peace and others; written by a Spanish Nobleman.



J. Northcote R. A. pinx.

Meyer sculp

Published by Mathews & Leigh, Octr 1.1808.